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The Week

THE question of the Belgian War and post-War debt to the United States has been settled —unless, as seems unlikely, Congress refuses to ratify. A French mission will arrive during September for a similar purpose, and discussion has been renewed in Italy in terms which make it seem likely that the Mussolini government may follow the same course. About the best that anyone can say for this whole business is that settlement is to be welcomed because it removes from current international discussion a subject fraught with potentialities of ill-will. Probably nothing we could do about the debts short of complete cancellation would persuade the average European that we are not acting like super-Shylocks; and of course complete cancellation, or anything like it, is politically impossible even if it were desirable. The Belgian terms, for instance, all things considered, are decidedly generous. Interest on the pre-Armistice debt is forgiven. On the post-Armistice debt, which is three-quarters of the total, she will pay for the first decade a lump sum, rising from $3,000,000 to $9,800,000 annually, and thereafter, 3.5 percent. Because of President Wilson's formal promise that the United States would accept German reparation bonds in payment of the Belgian debt, a promise which Congress repudiated, our negotiators properly felt that there was a moral obligation which does not exist in the case of other countries and justified the greatest leniency. Yet the ink was not dry on the agreement before Italian and French economists were proclaiming that on a basis of per capita wealth neither country can afford to pay as high a rate as Belgium. Italy, they maintain, can do no more than half as well.

IT IS enormously interesting to watch the change in viewpoint in regard to paying the international War debts. Not so long ago, every European argued, quite as a matter of course, that rich America should forgive everything. While they still abuse us, they have swung around insensibly to acceptance of the view that, though of course they want the easiest possible terms, they are willing to pay a great deal. When England a few weeks ago followed the course of the United States and sent a round robin to her continental debtors telling them they must step up and arrange a settlement, her course did not result, as might once have been expected, in loud howls of "perfidious Albion." On the contrary, the European countries seem to have regarded the action as inevitable, and are making plans to take up the matter. The reasons for this change are several. At heart, the Europeans know quite well that if they were in our shoes they would certainly be no more generous, and probably less so. They are also coming to realize that the international credit of any country is of vital importance. It affects not only future borrowings by the government, but also the extension of private credit to its nationals. Also, if external debts ought to be forgiven, why not internal ones as well?—a question which no politician except one of the extreme left cares to have raised.

WHILE all this is true, it would be idle to deny that many difficulties lie in the path of the coming international negotiations. France will not be able to establish the same sort of moral obligation which led the American Commissioners to grant Belgium easy terms on the pre-Armistice debt, yet some connection between German reparation payments and the Allied debts to this country is likely to plague

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us in the future. Great Britain has a settled policy that her payments to us must be equalled by the payments of Allied debts and German reparations to her. France, in negotiating with Britain, accepts as a principle that she will obligate herself for no more than she is to receive from Germany—or as little more as possible. Though our government does not admit the validity of this principle except in the limited case of Belgium, such a convenient idea will not vanish from the minds of the debtors. If Germany can pay in full, and is allowed to do so, all may be well, and both debtors and creditors may keep their differing principles while agreeing in practice. But difficulties are certain if for any reason Germany does not pay. In that case the basis of the pyramid will be withdrawn, and we shall have to make good our contention that the Allies must pay us even if the conquered nation does not reimburse them.

FAILURE or partial failure of German payment might arise from several causes. There is, first, the possibility that she will not be able to produce a sufficient surplus, and will wilt under the tax burden. But such an eventuality would be almost certain to cause grave internal discontent before it became a demonstrated economic fact, and would probably appear in the guise of refusal to pay—by the present government or through some revolutionary disturbance. In that case France would almost certainly wish to apply military coercion. If we attempted to restrain her we should be accused of drying up the source of her payment to us. If we did not do so we should in fact dry it up, and could not press for payment while our debtor was making such costly efforts to collect her due.

ANOTHER possibility is that though Germany should produce a surplus, its transfer would injure the creditors—and us especially—so that a decision would be made to hold back reparations. We should inevitably take a prominent part in arriving at such a decision. Having done so, we could not press the Allies for payments—in fact the same logic which estopped payment of reparations would apply obviously to payment of debts. The New Republic believes that much future trouble would be avoided if the United States would face squarely now the possible economic and political consequences of insisting on full debt payments. But since that is not to be done we have little sympathy for France on account of her necessity of settling without a formal recognition of connection between debts and reparations. A connection will continue to exist whether it is recognized or not, and failure to recognize it may easily present to France a future diplomatic advantage.

WE DO not mean to imply by these comments that the American Commissioners should admit the French contention without qualification. Negotiations on debt funding ought to include a thorough examination of France's capacity to pay, and while this would naturally cover the reparations situation, it would also cover other sources of revenue and all causes of expense. An ideal settlement, to our mind, would first certify to France's moral obligation for the whole debt. It would then provide for remissions such as may be necessary to cover failure of reparations payments or increased internal expenses, but no remissions for militaristic or aggressive external policies. It would leave the question of transfer open to future decision, as in the case of the Dawes plan. Only by making such discriminations could the United States recognize all the facts of the situation, protect her economic interests, and guard against being drawn into the circle of influence of imperialistic European policies. Only so could we expose the truth that great wars cannot be paid for by the losers, and that borrowers for war purposes incur real and heavy obligations.

THE Chinese are now using in their anti-British and anti-Japanese activities, the weapon which in the long run is most powerful of all: economic pressure. At Canton a boycott has been declared against all British and Japanese ships, which apparently includes those of other nations as well if they use Hongkong as a port of transshipment. As a result, Hongkong's trade is virtually paralyzed, at a loss estimated in London dispatches at "hundreds of thousands of pounds a day." The time has been when such a development would have been met by military force; British gunboats would have been sent to compel acceptance of British goods. Even the most confirmed imperialist recognizes that the time for this sort of thing has gone by; and in any case it would have been only temporarily and partially effective. If the Chinese people don't want to buy your goods, bayonets and machine guns can't alter the case. The economic boycott is an old device in the Orient and one which can be tremendously effective. Canton is another proof that there is but one solution of the Chinese question. That is to find out what practices of the Western powers most offend the Chinese, and then suspend these practices. Any other policy is sure to produce only a Pyrrhic victory.

THE Liberal party in Great Britain may be dead, as everyone is so fond of saying; but at least it intends to go on wriggling until sundown. A few weeks ago it repeated an annual enterprise which has grown into an important institution: the Liberal Summer School. A list of distinguished speakers discussed the past and present of liberalism both in Great Britain and several European countries, and answered decidedly in the affirmative the question whether it has a future. Signor Nitti, as usual, predicted that the swing of the pendulum will bring a return to liberal practices. Mr. Ramsay Muir saw as the great elements in the future Liberal program

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the working out of a giant power scheme, the planning of cities and regions along new lines and peace between capital and labor to be founded on profit sharing. Mr. A. P. Macdougall gave a sketch of that new agricultural policy for the Liberal party of which so much had been heard of late. Its chief feature is a proposal that farm tenants shall pay their rent to the state, and borrow, if they need to, from the same source. Land owners would be compelled either to farm or to lease their land at moderate rentals to be prescribed by the state. Other speakers urged the necessity of drastic inheritance taxes and other devices to prevent the piling up of vast fortunes in the hands of a few individuals.

NOT the least interesting of the addresses was that of Mr. John Maynard Keynes who, speaking on the subject, "Am I a Liberal?" on the whole seemed to decide that he was not, nor a logical member for any other party, on the ground that none of them actually confronts, in a realistic and scientific spirit, the great problems with which humankind is faced. Among these he mentioned five: 1, peace; 2, government; 3, sex; 4, the question of drugs, including drink; 5, the economic problems incident to the transition to a new era. In regard to the first of these, he said he felt everyone ought to be as completely pacifist and anti-imperialist as possible. The chief present problem of government, he argued, is the need for decentralization, which should be pushed rapidly. No political party is candid in regard to the problems of sex as they exist in present civilization: public statements of morality by everyone are couched in terms of a bygone era, and are utterly different from the private expressions of intelligent men and women. The drug-drink question, he says, is: to what extent can we afford to permit the individual the release which he can thus secure from the drab dullness of life today? Finally, he sees the present as being the threshold of the third of the three great epochs of history described by Dr. John R. Commons. The first of these was the era of scarcity and it came to an end in about the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Next came the era of abundance, the ideas of which still dominate most contemporary thinking. Finally, the era of stabilization upon which we are now entering is one wherein laissez faire doctrines must be abandoned in favor of deliberate conscious control of economic forces for the sake of the general social good. No political party, said Mr. Keynes, could engage his support which did not attempt an honest attack upon these problems, on behalf, not of some special class, but of the whole community. All things considered, he hardly seems to be first-class party timber.

DO INTERNATIONAL conferences work for harmony and peace, or the contrary? Such a gathering as the recent World Conference on Education, at Edinburgh, makes it possible to raise this question in all seriousness. If we may judge from the careful reports of Ezekiel Cheever in the Baltimore Sun, the conference was anything but a success in terms of intellectual achievement; and was marked in particular by serious friction between the American delegates and those from other lands. The Americans, whose personnel seems to have been chosen in casual, impromptu fashion, attempted a sort of general dictatorship, on the naïve assumption that American education sets the pace for the world. To both the action and the theory, representatives of other nationalities vigorously objected. If Mr. Cheever is correct, it is fair to say that the cause of international harmony among educators, who are certainly an important group, would have been decidedly better off if the Edinburgh conference had not been held.

WE COMMENTED in a recent issue on the failure of many municipalities, and particularly New York City, to provide adequately for public library needs. That city offers an especially bad example of a condition which is more or less general—the wretched underpayment of library employes. In New York, the majority of the staff of the library, whose efficient service is such a factor in the economy of time and effort of literary workers, have never been paid a living wage. Today nearly half of them receive $82.67 to $102.42 a month, without retiring pensions such as are provided for teachers and other city employes. They are paid less than holders of similar positions in other cities—less than public school teachers, whose salary scale for the lowest grades in the elementary schools ranges from $125 to $239.58 a month. In consequence of this low pay the turnover per annum in the trained staff is 21 percent—a serious detriment to the service.

WE ARE glad to note that the MacMillan expedition has abandoned for this year the dangerous and on the whole useless experiment of Arctic airplane flights. If MacMillan has been correctly quoted, he now shares the view of Ellsworth and Amundsen—who ought to know—that in its present development the heavier-than-air machine cannot be used in the polar regions, where it must be the dirigible or nothing. Common sense corroborates this view. No airplane is safe from the possibility of a forced landing at any moment of any flight, no matter how elaborate the preliminary precautions may have been. Everywhere in the Arctic, a forced landing is likely to prove fatal; or if it is successfully negotiated, taking the air again may be impracticable. A stranded aviator runs the risk of being overwhelmed by a sudden storm, to say nothing of the hardships, and perhaps the impossibility, of making his way back overland to his base. Man has gone far, in recent centuries, toward conquering nature; but he cannot yet challenge the Arctic with the airplane—even in summer.

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Social Standards for British Business

THE English newspapers which contain the details of the negotiations by which the Baldwin government avoided the threatened coal strike have recently reached this country and supply the needed information for a better interpretation of that remarkable bargain. According to these accounts it looks like the dawn of a new epoch in the economic and social history of Great Britain. A government which is as representative of British business interests as the Coolidge administration is of American business interests, has agreed to subsidize at the expense of the taxpayers an industry which in the absence of the subsidy would have been obliged either to reduce wages below a subsistence level or else cease production. It has granted to the coal industry for nine months a subsidy sufficient to maintain the prevailing wages and profits and to assure continued production. In the meantime a Royal Commission is to consider how the industry can be organized so that it can hereafter supply the demand for coal without over-working and underpaying its operatives or placing an uneconomic burden on the consumer. The government has assumed an express responsibility for a minimum standard of living for the miners and for an organization of the industry which will support as the first charge upon its product the maintenance of such a standard.

This settlement is as significant for the procedure by which it was reached as for its substance. The government did not, of course, make itself responsible for the socialization of the coal industry willingly. It submitted to compulsion. The compulsion was exerted not only by the miners' union but by a combination of the miners with the transport workers. At one point in the negotiation the Premier had suggested the need and threatened to bring about a general reduction of wages; and this ominous proposal had united all the trade-unions behind the miners. If the miners had struck, the other unions would so far as necessary have joined them. The government would have had to provide against a complete paralysis of business, the certainty of wide-spread suffering and loss and the probability of something resembling civil war. Mr. Baldwin did not dare to face the risk. He preferred to yield, to allow the trade-unionists to claim a decisive and an unprecedented victory, and practically to pledge a conservative government to the reconstruction in the public interest of the British coal industry.

It was a bold and statesmanlike decision, enormously creditable to the Premier and the Cabinet. There were plenty of die-hards in Mr. Baldwin's party, who were spoiling for a fight and who damned as ignoble and socially dangerous any yielding by the Imperial government to the demands of an organized group of its "subjects." They insisted that sooner or later the question whether Great Britain was to be governed by Parliament and the Cabinet or by a gang of trade-unionists would have to be fought out and settled. A bellicose, uncompromising attitude of this kind appeals strongly to the psychology of a ruling class, which associates its own continued domination with the dogma of an unchallengeable and authoritative state. Mr. Baldwin did not allow himself and his party to be incensed by these familiar and exciting slogans. The government refused to fight merely to vindicate its authority. It admitted the existence of a centre of organized power in society which was entitled to negotiate with the state about certain questions of public policy.

The fact that a Conservative government signed and sealed such a peace without victory is the important fact. If a Liberal or a Labor government had consented to a similar compromise, the Conservatives would have attributed the concession to weakness or to favoritism. They would have promised, as soon as they themselves assumed power, to reassert the majesty of the state, and in that event they would have been obliged on some similar occasion to fight out the issue. Now, on the contrary, they are pledged by their own precedent to recognize the existence of centres of power in society which in certain conditions are justified in imposing terms on the sovereign state itself. They are also pledged to devise and, if necessary, to force upon the owners and operators of the coal mines, a method of operating the industry which will assure to its workers at least a tolerable standard of living. A journal like the New Republic which has long argued in favor of the social desirability of trade-unions which possessed enough strength and independence to participate in the government of industry and which are justified in requiring business to accept minimum standards of human welfare is considered in this country extremely radical. Yet in Great Britain a Conservative government has incorporated these principles in the official state policies.

The reason is, of course, that a preponderant opinion in Great Britain now recognizes that an industry which ignores minimum standards of human welfare is a liability rather than an asset to society. Having reached this humane consciousness it cannot escape from a still more radical corollary —viz., that if the government of the industry ignores these standards, the state must aim at an organization of industry which will seek to satisfy them. In the case of coal a crisis precipitated this decision, but it is nevertheless far from being a snap judgment born merely of the exigencies of the occasion. Back of it there looms the whole history of the British coal industry, its nationalization during the War, the Sankey report of 1919, the strike of 1921, and the subsequent failure of the industry under its existing management either to provide a decent living for its employes or to get rid of unnecessary wastes in the production of coal. Above all it is explained and justified by the events of the

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few weeks which preceded this spectacular concession by the Baldwin government.

During these weeks of agitation and discussion, the government had instituted a Court of Inquiry, and the findings of this court were on the whole favorable to the case of the miners. It declared (1) that the workers' claim to a minimum wage is justified; (2) that a wage-agreement which, like the one proposed by the owners, permits the indefinite diminution of wages is unsatisfactory; (3) that before any profits are admissible in the coal industry, wages at some agreed minimum must be paid; (4) that there is considerable room for improving the efficiency of the industry as a whole; (5) that there should be further collective action between collieries for the better utilization of their resources; and (6) that the royalty system as it now prevails has an undesirable effect upon good will in the operation of the industry. Inasmuch as the personnel of the court was able and respected, these findings counted strongly with the government and with public opinion. Its chairman, Mr. H. P. Macmillan, is a conservative whom judges as notable as Lord Haldane consider the ablest practicing lawyer in England today; Mr. Sherwood, another member, is a trade-unionist of notoriously right-wing tendencies; and Sir Josiah Stamp is among the first of European economists. A verdict such as this rendered by so unprejudiced a tribunal made it extremely difficult for any responsible government to involve the country in a general strike for the defense of the coal-owners' interests and attitude.

The settlement provides, as we have observed, for the setting up of a Royal Commission which will investigate and report upon the problem of reorganizing the industry. This Commission will be composed of representatives of all parties and it is not likely to agree upon any one program. The several economic groups represented in its membership will work on behalf of diverging interests and points of view. The labor members will call for the Sankey plan of 1919 as much the most promising method of reorganizing the industry and of winning for its management the loyal coöperation of the miners. They will not get it, but the majority report will almost certainly propose the buying out of the royalty-owners and some scheme of trustifying the mines which will look in the direction of nationalization. The operatives will demand and will receive as the reward for accepting such a compromise guarantees of the seven-hour day and the subsistence wage. The government will probably have to continue its subsidy until trade recovers and British business has accommodated itself to the restoration of the gold standard. It will be several years before the new management of the industry will vindicate itself by an increase in efficiency. In the meantime the government cannot abandon its present guarantee to the miners of a humane method of producing coal. The subsidy is the price which the British public has to pay for the restoration of the gold standard and for past negligence.

The conduct of the coal industry will become thereafter a conscious experiment in functional national organization which will be subjected to the most exacting tests and appraisals. British opinion will need to know how well the experiment is succeeding and the government will have to institute a sufficient means of finding out. It will have to set up an elaborate and exacting system of accounts. The miners, for instance, will ask that in the ascertainment of wages and profits their accountants shall have the right to an unrestricted audit. Every item of expenditure, and particularly the thorny question of what constitutes capital expenditure, will thereby have to be publicly assessed. They will ask for the right to share not only in the pit-head proceeds of raw coal but also in the earnings of such related items as coking and by-products plants, smokeless fuel and electric power plants, patent fuels, and private railways. They will propose an inquiry into the cost of administration as evidenced by the number of officials, the fees of directors, the multiplicity of directorships held by individuals, the buying of colliery stores. They will raise the question of the wastage in the present system of distributing coal from pit-head to consumer. They will demand that no pit be allowed to close down for presumed financial loss until an official inquiry has been held into the circumstances of that loss. On the other hand the management of the mine will be justified, as it is not justified at present, in refusing to submit to any union regulations which restrict output and increase the cost of coal. The raising of these questions and the necessity of answering them will gradually build up a body of instructed opinion inside and outside of the industry which will make itself thoroughly and keenly aware of the processes and results of its operations. It will operate in the atmosphere of an alert and instructed opinion. The government of the industry will cease to be arbitrary, irresponsible, and autocratic. It will become, if not democratic, at least constitutional and functional in relation to a public purpose. Its constitution will express the subordination of the prevailing profit-making motive to public service—meaning thereby the fairest possible temporary compromise between the efficiency of the industry and the happiness of all its workers.

The experiment will have been brought about by a wholesome process and consequently will have a fair chance of success. It is desirable that social and industrial innovations of this kind should be proposed by conservative governments. For in that case the natural opponents of social experimentation become interested in and committed to a particular innovation and they move without realizing it in the direction of a more progressive and flexible state of mind. It is desirable also that the compulsion under which the Conservative government acts should be derived partly from the break-down of the old method and partly from the emergence

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of an aggressive and organized protest by the members of economic groups who suffer most from the defects of the prevailing organization. For in that case the workers will have partly earned their own emancipation and will be educating themselves to play a more responsible part in business organization. Finally it is desirable that the government should be a party to the experiment. For in that case the lessons of the experiment become more public and are gradually worked into the political consciousness of the people. In this instance the amount of participation by the government is, if anything, excessive. It would have been more wholesome if a larger fraction of the coal-owners had consented to the bargain. But the settlement is none the less national and notwithstanding its precarious aspects is prospectively permanent. The political representatives of British business have consented to it, and it tends to express far better than did the old system the new social conscience of the British nation.

Two Injunctions

THE International Tailoring Company has plants in New York and Chicago. On the first of July it entered upon a battle with the union of its employes in both places. The issue was the same, and the parties—aside from the individual employes concerned—were the same. In both places the employer secured an injunction against the union. But here enters a significant difference. In the process of its granting and in its effect the Chicago injunction was limited by an act recently passed by the Illinois legislature, while the New York injunction was curbed only by the vague limitations of precedent and the personal views of the judge. And the difference in result is enormous.

The facts of the situation, roughly, were these. The employer had been operating under an agreement with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and subordinate bodies. This agreement was to expire on July 1. The employer did not negotiate, attempt to modify or renew the agreement. Before its expiration he sent a letter to his customers saying that the time was opportune, because of the dull season, to "go to the mat with the Amalgamated." On July 1 he attempted to run a non-union shop. The employes, thus challenged in their customary exercise of organization and collective bargaining, struck.

In New York, after the confusion of the first few days of the strike, picketing was carried on in strict compliance with police regulations—no more than six pickets to a door, the absence of threatening or abusive epithets. The policemen concerned testified later that the strike was orderly. The employer hired a labor detective agency. He made an affidavit that the union was conspiring to destroy his business. (During the period of the agreement his surplus account had increased $1,500,000 besides dividends paid, and his income tax showed profit in 1924 to have been several hundred thousand dollars.) He presented affidavits of employes alleging six or seven minor offences committed by named persons—who were not proved to have any connection with the union. He presented a large number of other affidavits of employes alleging, in identical or almost identical language, threats or violence on the part of unnamed persons. These affidavits were of the kind manufactured by the score in every strike in which injunctions are sought; form copies are on file in union-smashing agencies. On this basis the employer secured a temporary injunction, without hearing or argument of the parties enjoined, forbidding not merely threats and violence, but peaceful picketing or persuasion of any sort.

A hearing was subsequently held on the continuance of the injunction, before Judge Churchill of the New York County Supreme Court. The union applied for a counter-injunction, on the ground that the employer was conspiring to destroy it, and that the employer's "strong-arm" men had used violence against the strikers. Affidavits were presented in support of these contentions, as well as other affidavits in disproof of the employer's charges. Yet the judge continued the employer's injunction, without mentioning the application of the union, or its legal defense. His only explanation of enjoining, not only violence on the part of the strikers, but the ordinarily lawful strike activities, was contained in the words, "where violence is proved, all other considerations must be subordinated to its suppression. If the union cannot control its members it must, to some extent, suffer the consequences of their misconduct." Thus with a stroke of the pen he canceled the legal safeguards which precedents are supposed to provide for peaceful picketing and persuasion—and did so, as the usual equity procedure allows, without examination or cross-examination of the witnesses who charged or denied violence. He furthermore used the powers of an equity court to regulate a situation which, if the charges of violence were true, should have been dealt with by the police and the criminal courts.

In Chicago, the employer applied for a similar injunction according to the usual practice. But there, no ex parte temporary injunction can, under the new law, be granted without hearing, and the union was therefore summoned to court. In the meantime peaceful picketing went on as usual. Judge Denis E. Sullivan, on the motion of the union's counsel, threw out the application because it was not drawn according to law. An amended application was filed. A change of venue was granted and the proceedings transferred to another court. Still the bill was not in accord with the law and the application was again dismissed. A second amended affidavit was finally argued before Judge Pam of the Supreme Court, the employer contending that the "anti-injunction" law was unconstitutional in prohibiting orders against peaceful picketing. Judge Pam did not sus-

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tain this contention, but issued an injunction solely against clearly unlawful practices, with the qualification:

> This does not, however, restrain in any way or prevent the defendants from maintaining pickets or persuading employes of the complainant, or from following or calling upon the employes of the complainant, or from congregating in a peaceable or lawful manner, as provided in the Act of the Legislature of the State of Illinois entitled "An act relating to disputes concerning terms and conditions of employment."

In New York, the court of equity has in the familiar fashion become a powerful ally of the employer in a conflict of his seeking. In Chicago, the court did not act until every opportunity had been given the union to defend itself, and then acted only to prevent clearly unlawful injury, holding the balance even in the industrial conflict. It may be said that every principle embodied in the Illinois statute was sound law before it was enacted; but the passage of the law seems to have made an impression on the courts which has not often been made in the recent past by citation of precedents and skillful arguments of counsel. Should not other states copy?

Explaining America

IN a recent issue of Europe appears an agreeable polemic by Mr. Edgar A. Mowrer, entitled Le Peuple-enfant d'Amerique. It is usually necessary to discount somewhat an article of opinion, according to the point of view from which the writer sees his subject. Mr. Mowrer is one of the accomplished foreign correspondents of the Chicago Daily News. Living abroad he has doubtless had frequent occasions to blush for the boastful vanity of his countrymen. As he says: "In our cinemas and our newspapers, in the reading matter that we call literature and in our political speeches we pose as giants of a new race, ejected fully armed, like Minerva, from the brain of a creative Jupiter, possessing courage, initiative, ardor, and also a height of morality and a love of our neighbor inaccessible to worn-out Europe." On the other hand, his feeling in the face of another marked characteristic, our inferiority complex, passes beyond the blush. Our sycophantic hospitality to European intellectuals; our "isolation," founded upon a sense of our incapacity to discuss anything with the better minds of Europe without being buncoed; the ineptitude of our State Department in protecting our interests; and the tendency of our ambassadors to identify themselves with the interests of the country to which they are sent—all this puts Mr. Mowrer in a painful position among his colleagues of the foreign press. And above all he has probably had frequent occasion to witness the process by which accounts of affairs in the world are exaggerated, distorted or suppressed to flatter the vanity or relieve the apprehensions of the American reader, or to exploit him in the interest of his ruling class. But after granting the true discount due to Mr. Mowrer's pardonable cynicism as journalist the present worth of his article remains considerable; and events constantly lend support and illustration to his thesis.

Among other evidences of our childishness Mr. Mowrer cites our love of the enormous and of expressing progress in numerical values. We have a childish cult of possession, in compensation for the privations of pioneer days, and we raise the function of stimulating desire through advertising to a priesthood. The passion for material playthings is accompanied by a lively curiosity toward men and things. Tut-ankh-Amen, Einstein, Coué, Soviet foreign policy, and the orchids of the Amazon all attract us to mental operations as painless as our dental surgery. This curiosity shows itself in the facility with which new forms of mystic-material religion are invented to take the place of our primitive puritanism—"doctrines of evasion," finding a refuge in well-being of the present rather than of the future. As for our morality, it is the fiat of the Mumbo-Jumbo of smugness. There is little to say of it except that it elevates the taste for immorality. For pleasure we resort to the moving picture, the automobile, sports, lectures, getting drunk and reforming the world. Our ancestors had few pleasures, but they were those befitting age and the serious life, such as asceticism, witch-hunting, reading the Bible, camp-meetings, persecution of their neighbors. We have lost the taste for these adult amusements and have failed to replace them by the resources of civilized society—conversation, art, meditation, association with women. We scorn discussion as demoralizing by reason of the hypothesis that "everyone has the right to his own opinion," and as useless because "one never convinces anyone else." Art is with us a feminine thing, without vigor. Sex manifests itself chiefly in the public exasperation of the dance or in ignoble privacy.

Mr. Mowrer finds further evidence of our childishness in our formal cult of childhood as an ideal expressed in Peter Pan—the little boy who didn't want to grow up. The United States is the paradise of the child; nowhere else is his pleasure, welfare and convenience placed above the interests of his elders. We cannot prevent our children from growing up physically, but we can keep them spiritually young by protecting them from all contact with unpleasant things, by inculcating a romantic morality, by retarding intellectual growth, by suppressing serious tastes which would carry them beyond the childish concerns of their parents. The Sunday supplement is the true foyer of the American family, and the country club has replaced the meeting-house as the temple of the community.

Mr. Mowrer's article will doubtless be read more intelligently, if with less satisfaction, in America than in France. Here its humor, its exaggeration, its irony will be assessed at their true values. A

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European audience is only too likely to take Mr. Mowrer in entire good faith. Such an audience, it is true, will naturally fall into comparisons. A Frenchman will wonder if the American obsession with greatness determined by metes and bounds and sanctioned by publicity is more childish than the French faith in distinction conferred by the government in the form of all sorts of decorations. He will question whether American preoccupation with sport is less dignified than the French enthusiasm over the imitation of it. He may consider whether the American cult of the child is less rational than the French indifference to its existence, as shown by the appalling figures of infant mortality; or compare with the American habit of believing only what one likes the persistent delusion of his own people that a stationary population is due to a selfish refusal to have children born rather than to a selfish carelessness of measures to keep them alive.

But leaving this tu quoque to the European reader it is more important to disengage the fundamental truth of our critic's position in regard to ourselves. Our long continued adolescence as a people, like the long continued adolescence of individuals of our favored classes, is due to lack of intellectual application. We have as good minds as Europeans, but we have no tradition of culture which impels us to use them. Our society places a premium on what we call normal development which permits easy adjustment with the mass—not on distinguished and outstanding personality. And as if the general tendency of democracy toward levelling down were not enough, we create a multitude of special organizations and institutions to emphasize it. Just as we applaud the solidarity of the family which depends upon a common interest in childish things, so we celebrate the get-together spirit of Elks, Eagles, Shriners, Redmen, Woodmen, Rotarians and Bible students. All these, like our sport, our religion, our education, our industry, represent a system of relative and instrumental, not intrinsic values. Our organized social activity is instrumental toward the acquirement of wealth and power, the possession of more material things and the control of more human beings. Our individual activity is directed not to art or learning, but to killing time and relieving ennui. The true test of action, as Dr. Dewey points out, is the release of further capacities for action. "With us," says Mr. Mowrer, "amusements, like work, are not positive occupations but negative occupations of which the end is not to increase but to lower the vital tension."

But Mr. Mowrer is not hopeless. He finds possibilities of advance in three classes of the community. First, he notes that the rich are growing weary of the sterile ideal of 100 percent Americanism, in spite of its easy adaptability to their special advantage. There are millionaires who refuse to lose their time in making more money and who show an almost pathetic interest in art and thought. Second, the middle class shows signs of impatience with the stupefying existence which they conventionally lead. It is in this class that Mr. Mowrer would probably place the youth movement, with its refusal to take its morality from a dying Puritanism, and its insistence on trying out the values of life through independent experience. Finally, among the intellectuals, Mr. Mowrer notes signs of an exasperation which comes near to revolt. They are learning the power which comes from their strategic position between capital and labor, between Plutos and Demos, and with a sense of power comes an independence which may lead to a national art and literature.

Mr. Mowrer does not extend his hopeful vision so far as the working class. But no one will imagine for a moment that such salvation as he hopes can come from the detached figures of disillusioned millionaires, or the middle class on strike. As for a revolting intelligentsia, its only fruitful field of creative social activity is in industry, and its only promise of effective support is from the class which Mr. Mowrer ignores. The object of an intellectual movement is to replace our system of conventional and relative social values by real and intrinsic individual values—to show life as worth living for its own sake. Where is there more desperate need of such a transformation than among the workers, with whom the concept of livelihood is so completely separated from that of living? In China we see the hopeful effects of such a union between the intellectual and the working classes. The dozen students who, because of their demonstration in behalf of their exploited brethren in the textile mills, were shot down in cold blood by British mercenaries at Shanghai, sowed the seeds of a solidarity which is rich in promise. That the union of the intellectual class with the workers has already begun to affect the situation may be inferred from the violence of the British press in denouncing the professors of the University of Peking as Bolsheviks. China is suffering from persistent old age; America from too protracted youth. The cure of the one and the relief of the other are to be found in the union of the classes to whom the future belongs—those who think and those who toil.

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In an Aeroplane

An Imaginary Conversation

COLONEL DUBOSC—So, Lafayettes, you are here again! We are once more brothers in arms.

Captain Sloane—You bet.

Col. Dubosc—It is very generous of you to come to help France in another little war.

Capt. Sloane—Oui, oui, la belle France, eh?

Col. Dubosc (smiling)—We did not think to have you for Allies this time. With us French, war is natural, because it is necessary. But you Americans, you fight only for ideals.

Capt. Sloane (vaguely)—Yeh?

Captain Williams—You are right, Colonel. But there is an ideal in this war, too. The ideal of Christianity, of the white man's opportunity for good, as well as the white man's burden. We can't let the black races overcome the Nordics, you know.

Col. Dubosc—Nordics? But I am a Gascon, partly, my friend, with a touch of Italian and a little Breton.

Capt. Williams—Well, the white race, anyhow. And you are a blond, Colonel.

Col. Dubosc (ruefully)—Yes, I used to be blond.

Capt. Williams—The White man must civilize the black, don't you think?

Col. Dubosc—My friend, that may be as you say. But for France, this is not a war of ideals; it is a war of self-preservation.

Capt. Sloane—Niggers getting your goat, eh?

Col. Dubosc—The future of France—the only safety for France, lies in a great African empire. Against that manifest destiny stands nearly all of Europe.

Capt. Sloane—I hear the Germans and the Reds are backing these fellows.

Col. Dubosc—That is not impossible. But it is not necessary to make the assumption. England, on the other hand—

Capt. Williams—Surely not, Colonel. Why, England is an ally of France.

Col. Dubosc—England also possesses Gibraltar. And what lies opposite Gibraltar—well, my friends, it is very complicated. But England loves France in Europe only. In Africa—we have had a taste of her affection as delivered by the regrettable Kitchener to our Marchand at Fashoda.

Capt. Sloane—Rats. You can't tell me that England is doing France dirt. It's just these damn niggers—

Col. Dubosc—The Riffi—

Capt. Sloane—Riffi, yeh, that's the name. I was trying to remember.

Col. Dubosc—Naturally, they start a war against Spain—the Spanish are not good administrators in any case. And there is a treaty—we have the right to step in—we do not claim that it is to protect the neutrality of Belgium—you understand—

Capt. Williams—Eventually the Riffi must submit to the yoke of our superior civilization.

Capt. Sloane—Kill them all, I say.

Col. Dubosc—Not at all. They are quite right and Abd-el-Krim is a good man.

Capt. Sloane—Yeh—like the Huns were good men.

Col. Dubosc—Precisely. We must annihilate them because they are in the way of our development—forgive me, I begin to speak like a politician, and I am only a soldier. We must defeat them—even if they had not attacked we would have had to fight them, because the victory is necessary to our development in Africa. And we must not annihilate them, by any means. In ten—twenty years the Riffs will be our best soldiers. And we will need them.

Capt. Williams—But, Colonel, surely—you cannot mean that France would actually use black troops in the line against Europeans?

Col. Dubosc—My friend, France is the most unhappy of nations. She is generally too weak to fight, and when she is most weak, the necessity to fight becomes strongest. So in 1870, so in 1914, France was so weak that she had to fight in order to grow strong. At the end of the last war Germany lost her African colonies. Let us face it without bluff; she lost thereby five—ten potential army corps. If we gain five or ten corps, we double our advantage. We are calling in Africa to redress the balance of Europe—I speak of the military balance, the man-power.

Capt. Williams—You are intentionally stating the case in the worst possible light, Colonel. But we appreciate French irony, and we who fought together above the slopes of Verdun will not misunderstand you. It is true that France needs northern Africa for her natural expansion. But when the day comes *(he speaks very seriously and hesitates after the next word)* when—other races attack European civilization, then France will use her black troops only to preserve the white races from being submerged. *(A silence. He adds, as an afterthought):* As your great ancestor Charles Martel did, and Charlemagne.

Col. Dubosc—It is very good of you to say so, although I believe that the gentlemen you name have been claimed as Germans. But here we are, several miles above the ground upon which hypocrisy rules; in a few minutes we have to salute the soil of a more or less virgin continent with a thousand pounds of explosive. Let us indulge for a

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moment in frank talk. If France tomorrow would need an alliance with Japan to fight against Germany and Russia—and their allies, if they have any—France would make that alliance with Japan without a moment's hesitation.

Captain Carey (who has been silent until now)—Quite right, Colonel. The world must be made safe for democracy.

Col. Dubosc—Ah, now it is you Americans who are being ironic.

Capt. Carey—Not at all. My pacifist days are over, or I shouldn't be here. I merely mean that there is in France a principle of liberty which nothing can destroy—and it does not matter by what means it gains its ends.

Col. Dubosc—Yet—you will forgive me, Captain—I remember that you protested against bombing German cities.

Capt. Carey—So I did. There was a lady in Munich, a Raphael, who was strictly non-combatant, and I was afraid I'd harm her.

Capt. Williams—A relative, you said?

Capt. Carey (softly)—My mother in God.

Capt. Sloane (not quite hearing)—I didn't know you were married.

Capt. Carey—It doesn't matter. You are right, Colonel. I did object, but I don't object now. I was only misled about the objects of the War.

Col. Dubosc—You were an idealist. And now you come to bomb the unfortunate Riffi. It is strange.

Capt. Carey—Not so strange. I have discovered the supreme right of small nations.

Capt. Williams—And what is that?

Capt. Carey—The right to be annihilated.

Capt. Williams—I don't think you have the right to say that, Carey, after fighting in the Lafayettes—and after the Colonel has explained that for France this is a war of self-preservation.

Capt. Sloane—Why sure. If these Riffi beat the French they'll be starting up a Black Empire over here.

Col. Dubosc—If we could be sure that it would be friendly to France, that would not matter. But in a generation or two, perhaps Germany or England would win them over.

Capt. Carey—To be sure. Even a black empire might exercise self-determination and decide whose taxes it will pay and whose wars it will fight.

Col. Dubosc (sympathetically)—My friend, you have no more illusions, eh? But you cherish your wounds—as your tongue goes to the cavity when a tooth has been pulled. I understand you. But I do not understand why you are here. You fought for France—for an ideal once—

Capt. Carey (warmly)—Do you remember! The thrill of going up at daybreak with God and the French artillery behind you—

Capt. Sloane—And only what's-his-name—Himmelman—in front!

Capt. Carey (to Dubosc)—Do you know, Colonel, I think that I have just discovered why I am here. It was to recapture that thrill once more before I die. I must have dreamed that the old uniform, the Spad, the noises and smells of the front would give that sublime illusion—the sublime happiness of that illusion—back to me. But God is not here. There is only the artillery.

Col. Dubosc—We have got used to fighting without that Great Ally.

Capt. Carey—Sloane came here because he is a natural killer, an amateur as you are a professional. On the whole you are admirable and he is contemptible. You kill as the surgeon amputates, coldly. You don't like it; he does. Williams came because France is an ally; because we boys of the old Lafayette Escadrille ought to stick to France. He is a goodhearted undergraduate. But I am more contemptible than Sloane and a bigger fool than Williams. I let your war and your peace kill God in my heart—

Capt. Williams—That's blasphemy.

Col. Dubosc—Never mind.

Capt. Carey—I came to believe that no human endeavor could be significant, nor any human emotion be profound, since God was dead. Like a fool I came here to make Him live again. I failed. But it is not all loss. I think I have discovered one human action that is not altogether contemptible. There's something flapping on the struts, Colonel.

(He steps slowly out on the wing of the plane and walks off.)

Col. Dubosc—What a pity!

Capt. Sloane—Nothing but a bum pacifist, Colonel. We'll manage the bus all right without him.

Capt. Williams—Perverted idealism—it is a curse among us Anglo-Saxons, Colonel. You French are so admirable because your ideals are reasonable!

Col. Dubosc—Nevertheless, it depresses me to see brave men die, my friends. *(A silence)* Well, we are arrived. Will you take the bombs on the left, Capt. Sloane? And you—good. Then at the signal you release the plunger, yes? *(They nod. A brief silence. Then a moment's activity and a great roar. The plane hovers a moment, and turns home.)*

GILBERT SELDES.

For a "Society Girl"

A kitten born half lion,
Tossed back her mane,
And sagely reflected:
"Where have I most to gain?
Roaring like a mountain lion,
Or mewing like a kitty?
Lions are more noble, kittens more pretty,
Half-grown kittens more witty.
A lion, long grown up,
Is a lion still;
A tabby-cat grown up
Is a fat cat still.
I'll roar myself to lionhood—
That I will!"

VACHEL LINDSAY.

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The Tragedy of Waste*

V. The Challenge

THE exploration is ended, and all the figures, so far as we have been able to gather them, are in. It remains to summarize the evidence to the extent that summarization is possible in so wide and so complicated a field. Before attempting, however, to get the threads together, it may be well to demonstrate rather explicitly why the elimination of waste is important from the point of view of the average citizen. We have assumed all along that not enough is normally turned out by way of goods and services to keep the majority of American families above the line of economic insecurity and want. We have assumed the existence of a wide margin of poverty. While for all intelligent readers this assumption is too generally recognized to require proof, a few specific figures will help to show its extent and seriousness.

Dr. Paul H. Douglas presented a paper before the American Economic Association in 1922 which is the most careful statistical summary of the relation of the national income in dollars to the cost of living which we have seen. His conclusions indicate that in the year 1920 it took approximately $1,700, or $34 per week, to maintain a family on the Department of Labor's "subsistence level" budget in the larger cities of the United States. This budget is cast in terms of the amount of food, clothing, house space, and so forth, necessary to keep a father, mother and three children above the line of actual want. By calculating the physical requirements set forth in the budget in terms of 1920 prices, the total of $1,700 is arrived at. In the same year it took approximately $800, or about $16 a week, to maintain a woman worker living away from home.

In 1920 there were 26,700,000 adult males gainfully employed, 6,400,000 adult women, and 5,500,000 juveniles between fifteen and twenty years of age. Had these men, women and young people been paid the amount necessary to meet the subsistence level budget for each class, the total amount disbursed would have approximated $57,000,000,000.

Meanwhile the total national income in 1919, according to Dr. Mitchell and his colleagues, aggregated $66,000,000,000. In 1920 the total was reduced, due to the business depression which started in the late months of the year. Professor Douglas estimates it at $60,000,000,000. From this $60,000,000,000—more or less—must first be deducted that 12 to 16 percent which the National Bureau of Economic Research calculates as the usual amount set aside for savings; and which is reflected in new capital outlays—factories, railroads, office buildings and the like. Obviously such expenditures play no immediate part in the current requirements for food, shelter and clothing upon which the subsistence level budget is based. Subtracting then a saving fund of $8,000,000,000 (14 percent on $60,000,000,000) from the national income of $60,000,000,000, we have left for current requirements roughly $52,000,000,000—or $5,000,000,000 short of the total subsistence level.

In other words, the national income in dollars, reduced by a 14 percent allowance for savings, if it were distributed evenly on the subsistence level basis, would fall 5 percent short of going round, leaving nothing for wages or salaries over the $1,700 maximum, and nothing for owners of property in the form of interest, or rent.

Of course, no such equal distribution, or anything approaching it, took place. Interest and rent were paid in full. Approximately 300,000 families received incomes of $10,000 a year or better—some running up into the $1,000,000-a-year class. Roughly speaking the work of the National Bureau of Economic Research shows that about 5 percent of the families in America take 30 percent of the national income. Thirty percent of $52,000,000,000 is $15,000,000,000, leaving the other 95 families in 100 to get along on $37,000,000,000. This immediately operates to slam the door on any hope that the wage earners of the country can average enough to go round in terms of the subsistence level budget in 1920—or for that matter in any other year. For millions of people in America the annual income is, and has long been, in the words of Dr. W. F. Ogburn, not a living but a dying wage.

The Committee on Reconstruction of the United States Senate found, in 1921, that the building of houses for people to live in had been 56 percent under normal for the seven years from 1915 to 1921. That needed construction went into motor vehicles and commercial building instead. In 1920 there were, in the United States, almost 5,000,000 people over ten years of age who could neither read nor write. Of the 28,000,000 children in the country between five and eighteen years of age, only 16,000,000 were regularly at school. Meanwhile only one child in fifty-four gets a chance to go to college. The New York Department of Health, investigating 1,057 average school children five and six years old, found 66.7 percent, or two out of three, with

* This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Chase. In greatly expanded form, they will appear as part of the material in his book to be published under the same title by the Macmillan Company, New York, this fall.

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physical defects. An examination of children in Public School No. 64 in New York revealed 24 percent, or one child in four, suffering from malnutrition. In 1880, 25 percent of all farms were operated by tenants; in 1920 this percentage had grown to over 38. The report of the State Commission on Regional Planning in New York in 1923 finds 663,000 persons in the city improperly housed:

> Thousands and thousands sleeping and living in apartments so dark that gaslight must be burned all day; so airless that in summer the families are forced to sleep on the roofs. The tenants must climb five or six flights of stairs to dispose of garbage. Toilets for two to five families are in the halls or in the yards. There is insufficient water, neglected plumbing, no ventilation or light—these tell the conditions without further description.

Not enough to go round in terms of adequate food, shelter, clothing, education and modest comforts is now being produced, or ever has been produced since the inauguration of the machine age. Whether the situation has improved in the last generation is still a matter of debate. We incline to the belief that it has improved slightly, but a subsistence level standard for all workers is billions of dollars —and millions of tons of goods—short of being won.

In the foregoing articles we have tried to run a chain and compass line through a more or less trackless field. Too often the needle has trembled, the chain broken, the line left its course. To gather in one brief series the many viewpoints, the twisting concepts, the assorted philosophies—and some measure of the quantitative data—of the problem of economic waste is a difficult task. Classifications, however carefully planned, usurp one another's territory. Illth merges into the technique of production, production into distribution; man-power is inextricably bound up with materials. Separation for the purposes of exposition has been necessary, but the underlying separation is in fact more dubious, and often non-existent except in a very general way. An "aeroplane view" of America would disclose a very large fraction of the available man-power workless on any given working day; would disclose another large fraction making and distributing things which are of no real use to anybody; and a third fraction taking two hours to do a job which engineers have found can be done in one—and which some men are actually doing in one. And equipped with a sort of earth-crust X-ray, the observer would see water invading the oil sands, the mountain coming in on the coal measures; and above ground, the gusher giving its gas to the air and its oil to surrounding landscape, the rush of millions of horse-power down the unyoked rivers, the glare of forest fires, the refuse piles charged with unclaimed chemical riches. But once beyond these very broad distinctions, the classifications overlap and intertwine.

What is clear by now, however, is the fact that no man or group of men, however profound their research, can show in quantitative terms the margin of waste. The percentage of lost man-power to the total available is a figure forever beyond computation. The ratio of raw material loss to the aggregate annual tonnage taken from the earth is an unknown ratio. We hope we have demonstrated that these ratios are sufficiently serious; that under some sort of coördinated community control, immense savings both in man-power and in material might be made, but we have no illusions as to the practicability of arriving at any final judgment. What we may do in summary is this—and we trust it is permissible. We may list one by one the outstanding items of loss and leakage which the survey has disclosed, and beside them give such quantitative estimates as are capable of rough verification, and which do not duplicate with estimates in other fields. An addition of such estimates in the three main channels should give at least a minimum record of the margin of wasted man-power.

The man-power going into illth is at least.....	8,000,000
The man-power idle on a given working day is at least	6,000,000
The man-power wasted in production methods is at least	4,000,000
The man-power wasted in distribution methods is at least	2,500,000
A total of at least	20,500,000
Against an able-bodied adult population of approximately	40,000,000
Giving a minimum ratio of waste of about.....	50%

On this showing, in that it tends to be a minimum, we have reason to believe that the labor-power is available at least to double the current output; and further, that through improved methods of exploitation there is adequate raw material available with which to double it without exhausting natural resources at any greater rate than they are now being exhausted. In lumber and oil and probably in coal, it would appear that output—in end products—could be doubled while *reducing* the rate of exploitation.

We suspect that an Industrial General Staff would materially better this ratio, but how much we have no means of knowing.

What would a doubled output mean in terms of the budget of the wayfaring man? Obviously it would mean something quite different from a doubled money income. Doubling food output would provide an immense unconsumable surplus. It is doubtful if food output by weight needs to be increased at all. It needs to be shifted more in accordance with dietetic value, guarded against adulteration, some wanton extravagance on the part of the very rich curtailed, and "dumping" eliminated. The labor saved by keeping food substantially at par could thus go into other necessities and comforts, and if expedient very much more than double their output. Housing construction could probably

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be doubled for some years to come, to great advantage—including the tearing down of slums and a measure of community planning. Clothing output would hardly need to be doubled. With better durability and a decline in super-luxuries and fashions, its increase by weight would need to be only slight. The bulk of the increased output would thus find its way into the production of educational and recreational facilities, and into comforts.

On the whole, we are inclined to guess that with twice as much labor-power available, the last family in the country could be raised above the line of economic insecurity, and still leave a wide range of income levels above that line. There would have to be no "dividing up" process. To double productive power with no increase in population represents a tremendous economic gain. Meanwhile the labor-power which now goes into capital goods, in so far as such represent excess and duplicate plant capacity, might compensate for the labor needed to build the by-product ovens, the super-power lines, the rearranged terminal facilities, which a functional control would demand. As we have seen, it is only through large capital outlays that certain aspects of the waste elimination program are possible. Ultimately there will come a limit to the necessity for an increased amount of goods and services, and the slack may be taken up by dropping the hours of labor from eight to seven to six. . . .

The subsistence level budget is not to be beaten by taking money away from the rich; it is not to be beaten by "dividing up"; it is not, emphatically not, to be beaten by "saving"—to add to a plant already over-built. It is to be beaten by striking down the locks which prevent a free flow of that productive power which modern engineering methods have made possible. In brief, by throttling waste. And it is not to be beaten in any other way.

We are now in a position to know somewhat more accurately what has happened to the 3,000,000,000 slaves, with whose labor Messrs. Gilbert and Pogue have endowed us. Every man, woman and child in America has now, according to these engineers, in energy developed by coal, oil and water-power, the equivalent of thirty servants. Yet the thirty servants are so lazy or so ill-organized that they do not keep us decently housed and clothed and fed. A horse-power of energy is by definition incapable of laziness. It invariably performs its job of lifting 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute's time. The trouble must be in bad organization, and in the foregoing articles we have seen something of where the bad organization lies. Our thirty slaves have taken a good many coals to Newcastle in the process of producing and moving the nation's store of goods.

Half and more of our man-power counting for nothing; half and more of the yearly output of natural resources needlessly scattered and destroyed; a billion slaves of energy turning useless wheels, dragging unheeded loads. Motion, speed, momentum unbounded—to an end never clearly defined, to a goal unknown and unseen. If there be a philosophy of waste, it lies in the attempt to clarify that goal, to turn men's eyes towards the whyfore of the sweat of their bodies and of their brains.

> Of all the dull dead weights men ever bore
> None wears the soul with discontent
> Like consciousness of power unused.

It almost seems as though there were a relentless law at work which, with every gain in invention, every improvement in technique, threw off a stream of parasites to use up the slack, and leave us where we were. Invention has gained on population, output per producer grows steadily, but it does not gain when measured against the drifts of land workers to the city, producers into distributors, makers of wealth into makers of illth. It is like a factory with fifty men in the workroom and ten in the office. There comes a time when ten men in the workroom can produce an equal output. Let the fifty stay and give the world five times the output? No. Keep output at par. Put the other forty into the office to sell, advertise, compete, break down sales resistance.

Not so simple as this of course—but isn't it the trend? How else is it possible to explain the phenomenal increase in productive power, with so little increase in the budget of the wayfaring man? If machinery were abolished tomorrow, half the population and more would have to go back to some form of useful work—or die. The new technique probably calls for more workers, relatively, in the overhead services, but is it inevitable that it calls for so many as to leave us in a dance that goes round and round with so rarely a step gained? The horn of plenty is overflowing, but a dead hand reaches up to seal its mouth, and the fruits fall as slowly as before.

And it is not only fruits that concern us. The elimination of waste—the striking aside of that dead hand—is important not solely because it allows a flow of more roast beef, more bathrooms and more boots. It is important because it holds out the promise of giving the spirit of man a chance to forget roast beef and bathrooms and boots, and to develop whatever creative impulses lie within him. It provides a method for getting the chores done and out of the way in the morning, with the afternoon free to read in the garret or go on a picnic, or dance a new dance or sleep in the sun. It does not call for speeding up; it calls for speeding down. The pressure is some degrees too high already—and getting worse. Like the Red Queen in Alice in Wonderland, with the swarms ever moving into sales-quackery and super-luxuries, we have to run faster and faster to keep up with ourselves. It does not call for a hard, bright, regimented efficiency—except in the minds of soap manufacturers. It calls for the life more abundant—for living instead of existing. Life, says Havelock Ellis, is a

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dance; there can be but little dancing when every gain in leisure is matched by an equal gain in waste.

We have stressed the production of goods by weight in the pages which have gone before because our survey lay in the field of economics rather than in that of the intangible values of the human spirit; and because spiritual values are difficult to cultivate with a job lost, the rent in arrears, and the children crying for milk. Only those who have felt the clutch at the heart which goes with economic insecurity can appreciate the hypocrisy and futility of the well-fed preaching spiritual values. Food, shelter and clothing are not everything, but the dance of life breaks down in the first measure unless their relentless demands are met.

We shall be asked for a way out. The study has led us down and down through level after level of ineffectiveness and loss. When we review the methods by which the pioneer lays waste our unreplaceable resources, it seems as though we touch bottom indeed—a race of weevils consuming our substance without the intelligence for the future which animates a colony of bees. . . .

We know no sure way out. A good many books have been written, and a good many more are going to be written, on the way out. Most of them to date are not worth the paper upon which they are printed. To give to society at large the direction and the commonsense which animates a camping party caught in a storm, is simple in theory but extraordinarily complicated in practice. The engineering is probably manageable. There are today in America enough good engineers and enough good administrators to run a functional society, and to double or treble the standard of living, could the whole be reduced to blue prints and orders. But the point at issue is the behavior of the animal.

Meanwhile we note the coöperative movement making steady headway against wastes in distribution—particularly in Europe; the labor movement combining its demand for more democracy in industry with the realization that only the lessening of waste can raise the standard of living; the several governments, national and local, making progress in the protection of forests, watersheds, animal life, and soils; the Province of Ontario with its superpower system like a beacon on a hill; the various groups which are working on community planning with a very real and intelligent approach. And we note the gathering cleavage between stock and bond business men like Mr. Gary, and engineer business men like Mr. Ford. Mr. Gary sees industry primarily in terms of profitable investment, while Mr. Ford sees it primarily in terms of services turned out on a balanced load basis—with still an eye to his own profit and loss account. The studies of Mr. Hoover and his colleagues, the work of the American Engineering Standards Committee—the work of the industrial engineer in general—is laying the basis for wide, coöordinated control, with waste, in technical processes at least, at a minimum. In short it is by no means clear that the engineering type of business man will not ultimately supersede the stock and bond type, and so usher in a functional society of sorts while the radicals are still baying for the abolition of the profit system. This at least is Mr. Filene's guess.

Yes, there are movements on foot, promising movements. But this particular inquiry is not concerned with their appraisal. That after all is another story. So far as we see the future of the abatement of waste, it lies with the man of science—the social scientist, the engineer. For upwards of 100,000 years, the mystics, the medicine men, the orators, the spellbinders, the personally violent, the personally crafty, the dealers in the evidential skyrockets and pinwheels of rationalized sophistry, have imposed upon the underlying population whatever deliberate control has existed. And the net result of their efforts lies on the front page of any newspaper. It is difficult to see how the man of science can do worse.

As one stands on the streets of a great city like New York, dwarfed and shadowed by mighty buildings—solid as monoliths; the roar of the traffic in one's ears; brushed by innumerable passersby, each intent on the next thing which must be done; subways thundering below; the shriek of steamer whistles from the harbor—one is overwhelmed with the audacity of trying to change or to modify this stupendous reality. Waste, friction, jam? Yes. . . and what of it? See the way that cornice fits its marble wall, the precision of lintel and arch, the woven steel nicety of the naked skyscraper, the curve and flow of motor bodies, subway trains wild as stampeded elephants, yet slowing to the inch mark on the platform. Come, you measurers of lost manpower and let us see you fit one stone upon another, weld one girder to an upright, direct one rush hour at Times Square! We may waste, but Almighty God will bear witness we can build!

One goes blindly back to one's desk, and the gathering sheets of manuscript take on an immense futility. Leaves to be blown by any wind that passes, fluttering down to mold and die. Who shall say in the dance of the human pageant down the centuries, what is waste and what is weal?

Illusions we may have; but they are pierced with the stark arrows of the repeated helplessness of mankind before its destiny. In the War we glimpsed control, but it was control only to further a vaster and more tragic waste. Where are the engineers and statesmen to dig with hand and brain into this roaring wilderness—so finely wrought in isolated detail—and bring from it ordered cities, impounded waters, terraced and tended forests, the sweep of great transmission lines, clean rivers, workshops planned with the dignity of cathedrals, and the end of grime and poverty and despair?

STUART CHASE.

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Truant House

WHEN we talk about reforming education, which is pretty much all the time, we usually dream of a new heaven and a new earth. But when we actually set out to realize our dream we usually begin by altering the recess hour of grade 2B from 10.35 to 10.28. With all the will in the world to start afresh we somehow find it more convenient to achieve Utopia by making judicious alterations in the existing system. We call this Building Upon the Achievements of the Past, and are soon made very proud by the discovery that the new Utopia is not so very different from the familiar scheme of things. This shows—does it not?—that we had all the time been making progress. The most advanced experimental schools (awful word, experimental! as viz., experimental pies, experimental wives!) are nevertheless schools, and as schooly schools as any other. Appreciative visitors are of course expected to greet the sight of third-graders in the throes of Creative Writing with cries of "How wonderful! One would never think it was a school at all!" Yet methinks they do exaggerate. After all they speak for the ears of the principal who has caused all these splendid things to be done.

So persistent, indeed, is our habit of turning all education into schooling that we are now engaged in organizing schools for grown-ups under the ægis of adult education. Some of these are labor colleges for people who failed to go to kindergarten and are therefore more or less defenseless. But most of them are continuation schools. It has been discovered that men and women who were relatively literate as college seniors mysteriously cease to be so within a few years of their graduation. Heaven knows that the condition of these backslid alumni is the strongest kind of evidence of the complete inefficacy of schooling to produce a stable scholarship. As Dr. Stephen Leacock once remarked of himself, all that schooling can do has been tried and has failed. But the magic of organization is in our blood. Having turned out the most extensive system of teachers, schoolrooms, and textbooks the world has ever witnessed, we can hardly admit its failure by putting it away when we have become men. If the great American public turns from the weekly assignments of Literature 42 to the (also weekly) consumption of Tired Stories, their reclamation must logically take the form of Literature 43, 44, 45, and so on to Lit(n-2), Lit(n-1), as the mathematicians would have it, and finally Lit (n) which is extreme unction; courses of lectures with reading notes, more courses of lectures, more textbooks for the home, more syllabi at the library, more shelves of books (recommended by the N. E. A. or the A. L. A.) for the woman of forty, for the man of fifty, for the old gentleman of seventy-five, for those who went to school before the Civil War, before the Mexican War, before the Revolutionary War.

The logic behind these projects is a sound one, being that upon which all peonage is based. Having produced dependency we redeem it by extending the credits. Perhaps it would be too cynical to say that intellectual dead-beats do not deserve such an elaborate redemption. If schooling has produced dependency then it is only fair, certainly, that school authorities should have to deal with it. But the fact remains that the real problem is the condition rather than any specific crop of consequences. No one wants to go to school all his life. Yet many want to be literate, even perhaps cultivated. The weakness of all schools is that they do not and apparently cannot encourage students to be intelligent and to find enlightenment upon their own account. It is a weakness not so much of human nature as of the cosmos which forbids two solids to occupy the same space at the same time or two contraries to lie down together in amity. You cannot educate men in masses except by regimentation. But you cannot produce individualists by regimental discipline. You cannot insist up to the last day before that termination which we paradoxically call commencement that the one path to intellectual salvation lies through Literature 42, and then expect that anything will be commenced but the progressive dimming of the graduate's recollection of Literature 42. The weakness of schools is that no one can be educated either by them or without them.

A man can be educated only by himself. Schools find this truth impossible to assert effectively. An Institution for the Orderly Advancement of Learning may adopt it as its motto. It may announce it in the catalogue. Every professor may reiterate it in his lecture hall. But the effect is the precise opposite of the words: a promulgation of this truth by an institution especially designed for the precise opposite. You cannot inculcate an understanding of the truth that no truth is effectively inculcated! Students have to find it out for themselves. The number who succeed in doing so is probably determined by the relative rigidity of the schools in which they labor, a rigidity which varies a great deal from school to school and is one of our major educational problems. Herein lies the importance of the experimental loosening of the bonds at Dalton, and elsewhere. But this is only one side of the problem. The other side is the fostering of independence wherever it shows itself, in the barren ground of scholastic dogmatism, among the tares of school life and college activities, or in the rich soil of some academy that is being fertilized by real learning and watered by the spirit of adventure. In every school there are some pupils who are busily engaged in finding themselves, intellectually. Here a man is

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withdrawing from a debate to find out something about the science of economics which, he has discovered, is rather heavily involved in the dispute. There an impudent young poet is claiming credit for a course in history upon the ground that he has found a rhyme for Massachusetts. Yonder a student has failed all his courses and been discharged from college because he came recently upon Dostoievski, who proved to be voluminous beyond possibility of combination with any other employment. What is happening to these men? Are they being discharged from college gently, more because they have no further use for college than because the college has no further use for them? Or is their confusion being twice confounded by head-on collision with the powers that be?

Probably their fortunes vary largely from one situation to another. They are nowhere exactly clasped to the bosom of established authority. How could they be? Darwin's truancy and Shelley's atheistic pamphleteering seem pardonable enough from this perspective. But to the heads truancy is never anything but truancy, however gifted the delinquent. In every school there are teachers who take an interest in rebellious youth. Yet their interest is offensively institutional. They are the helpful friends who in every emergency stand ready to reclaim incipient rebellion to conformity and a useful life. Their interest is tainted since after all they belong to the enemy of all youth, anointed teacherdom. What the intellectual truant really needs is the support of his own peculiar kind.

This need is most acute, I think, among college men, not because truancy is commoner among collegians but because there it has fewer friends. Younger pupils have their families to fall back upon in their struggle to maintain their individualities in the face of regimentation. The college man has put away childish things, including the appeal to parent against teacher. At the same time college society, the organized system of human contacts upon which men depend for their association with each other, is devised upon another basis. Oxford is said to have moved once, but Harvard moves only upon the kinetic formula, as the sum of the energies of isolated molecules, and so does Yale, and Michigan, and California. Student "bodies" engage only in athletics and clubbery. They seldom bring intellectual vagrants into effective contact. When he is a molecule is when a feller needs a friend.

What these molecules require is a retort—one might almost say a retort in kind—the means of coming together so as to lend each other the stability of self-consciousness and the courage of common understanding. I wonder that no one has ever thought of providing them with one. It would be an easy thing to do, and an educational experiment (if we must experiment) of a novel and interesting kind. As everyone knows, the week-end has become an established institution in all the colleges and universities of the near east where distances are comparatively slight and the means of travel are always accessible to the ingenuity of the collegian. The student is rare indeed who does not spend two or three week-ends in the nearest metropolis within the course of the academic year. Very well, let the week-end be the basis of the plan. Let there be an asylum for intellectual truants, available for week-ends and vacations throughout the year. Such a thing would be a most modest undertaking, as educational undertakings go. I am not contemplating a Harvard-Yale football match, nor even a fraternity convention. There are not very many men in any one school who would be interested in an asylum of this sort, and they are not likely to turn up all at one time. A steady trickle of half a dozen would be a strong current; spring freshets would hardly run over a score.

Moreover the exactions of such a company are extraordinarily ascetic. Anything even remotely resembling a gentleman's club would defeat every purpose of their communion. What they require—it is not a case of putting up with it but of demanding it for the good of the soul—is the barest sort of physical necessity. One would say a monastery but that the monastery implies ceremony and decorum. One would say studio but that the studio has come to mean carved oak panelling and velvet cushions upon silken mattresses. One would say barracks but that the barrack is a deliberate and studied insult to every human instinct. What they require is living quarters that are simple without being coarse, a common room that is comfortable without being in the slightest degree ornate. If this sort of thing is difficult to conceive it is simplicity itself to provide.

Inevitably such an establishment would serve a number of coördinate purposes. For instance, there is the recent graduate who is suffering from the hiatus between the intellectual life and the amenities of the bond business. This is the man for whom Arthur Hugh Clough attempted to found an asylum in London, after he himself had been let down with a bump by the Oxford movement. As a matter of identity this individual is probably a continuation of the erstwhile truant. During his period of sturm und drang he would naturally look to his old associates and their like for spiritual sustenance, if there were the slightest possibility of finding any of them in a metropolis. Truant House would make that possible, and it would therefore be frequented as a matter of course by young graduates who wish they were still seniors. It might well serve as a bridge between university and business life for some men, just as the fraternity clubs do for others.

Of course I should want to be a permanent habitué of the place myself. Ever since I first read Newman's Idea of a University I have felt that a university without a faculty would be the only satisfactory school in which to teach. The best teaching could probably be done only where one was in danger of instant expulsion upon suspicion of being a teacher!

C. E. AYRES.

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Washington Notes

WE are now told, by a correspondent of the New York Times, that President Coolidge has decided to supply that "aggressive leadership" without which the project for American participation in the World Court is admittedly poor. Of course "aggressive" is not quite the adjective to use in connection with Mr. Coolidge. He is not built on aggressive lines and such a word in connection with his attitude is a sufficient cause for smiling among those closest to him. There has however unquestionably been a stiffening in his attitude on the World Court and a quickening of his interest in the proposal, one of the really significant developments of the summer.

Certainly the change is not due to the influence of Senators Pepper, Moses, Butler, Stearns, "Charley" Curtis, "Dave" Mulvane, Smoot, Mellon, Kellogg, Gillett, John Adams or Secretary Weeks. There remain but two others upon whom suspicion can logically rest, two who have more real influence with Mr. Coolidge than all the others combined. It also happens that each of them is an "aggressive advocate" of the adherence by this country to the World Court. One of these men is Mr. Hoover, the other is Mr. Morrow.

Mr. Hoover a few weeks ago spent several days with the President at Swampscott. Mr. Morrow—at least so far as the newspapers know—has not been there at all. However, Mr. Morrow last winter and spring when Mr. Coolidge was in Washington found effective means of communication with him that did not get his name in the newspapers as among the White House guests. In any event I think it entirely safe to attribute the change in Mr. Coolidge's World Court feeling from lukewarm to "aggressive" as described by the Times, to the influence of one or both of these gentlemen.

Speaking of Hoover, it is certainly not generally recognized in the country at large (and even here in Washington by only a limited number) how extraordinarily extensive is his impress upon the government outside of his own Department. There is reason to doubt whether in the whole history of the American government a Cabinet officer has engaged in such wide diversity of activities or covered quite so much ground.

The plain fact is that no vital problem, whether in the foreign or the domestic field, arises in this administration in the handling of which Mr. Hoover does not have a real —and very often a leading—part. There is more Hoover in the administration than anyone else. Except in the newspapers and the political field there is more Hoover in the administration than there is Coolidge. Mr. Hoover will not like that statement. It is likely, if he sees it, to irritate him very much. It is the sort of thing that will very deeply embarrass him—the more so because it is true and because every Washington observer who goes below the surface at all knows it to be true.

It is the constant Hoover endeavor to keep that idea of the extent of his activities here and the weight of his influence in the departments not his own, out of the newspapers. It must be said that so far he has not had a great deal of difficulty. Even the daily press correspondents who fully appreciate the extent to which Mr. Hoover is leaned upon hesitate to write about it for the very obvious reasons that it would not only tend to diminish the prestige of the solemn Cal, to whom credit for being the fount of all wisdom is regularly and religiously given, but it would certainly tend to make look foolish the great newspapers which for two years have been so completely and consistently committing themselves to the theory that Mr. Coolidge handles every governmental problem himself, maps out all administration policies and lays down the lines upon which the government acts.

It is interesting to look for a minute at some of the Hoover activities here. Right after his Swampscott visit the announcement was made that Mr. Hoover would have charge of all governmental movements and policy relating to the threatened strike of the anthracite coal miners. As this is written he is sitting as one of the American delegates negotiating with the Belgians on the subject of the funding of their debt to us. That the Secretaryship of Agriculture was offered him first and that Mr. Jardine was named by the President on Hoover's recommendation, and that the policies now followed by that department are the Hoover policies are facts that have been printed time and again. The administration policy toward the railroads is largely shaped by Mr. Hoover. Under the Harding administration as well as the present one every labor crisis calling for government action has been turned over to Mr. Hoover although he is not Secretary of Labor. In the foreign field, Mr. Hoover's experience and knowledge of China and Russia make him the best equipped man in the Cabinet on any question touching either of those two nations. So far as concerns general European economic conditions he is far and away the best-posted man in the Cabinet—far better posted, for instance, than the present Secretary of State. The fact that he was so well posted was one of the reasons Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes were so conspicuously out of harmony while the latter was Secretary of State. The administration policies in the handling of the radio situation and in the field of aviation it is recognized are being directed to a very large extent by Mr. Hoover. If there is any really big governmental problem in which Mr. Hoover is not taking a hand I cannot now think what it is.

The President makes the appointments—they do not interest Mr. Hoover in the least—solemnly occupies the centre of the stage, adequately meets and handles the "corps of correspondents," skillfully plays the political game and distributes the patronage, marvelously retains his hold on popular sentiment—but when there is a real job to be done it is given to Hoover.

This is not because Hoover pushes himself forward and asks for them. A more modest, retiring man it would be hard to find—certainly here in Washington. He is doing the things he is because of the sheer knowledge and ability of the man and his extraordinary experience which has covered many fields and many parts of the world.

This Hoover dominance is a fact and every Washington correspondent worth his salt knows it. They do not write it because for one reason they do not want to embarrass Mr. Hoover and make him angry, and for another they do not want to belittle Mr. Coolidge or other Cabinet members. Or if they do not care whether they belittle Mr. Coolidge or not they do not dare to do so because of the policy of their respective papers. Under the circumstances and with the Hoover situation as it is, is it any wonder that I attribute the change of the President's attitude toward the World Court from "lukewarmness to an aggressive advocacy," as related by the New York Times correspondent, to the influence of Mr. Hoover?

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Mid-Channel

FOUR years ago and onwards for another year in our theatre there was a list of talents and ideas that had reached the top of a golden youth, a full flower of promise. It was a group whose promise the oncoming generation, except for playwriting, does not rival at all. I am not concerned with the Neighborhood Playhouse, which has always kept its own track, nor with all Broadway. I am speaking of the theatre of the intelligentsia, if you like, behind and around which lies the general popular theatre, which takes its own course and into which this more self-conscious and aspiring theatrical stream weaves in and out as the gods will.

Four years ago we were talking of the theatre of tomorrow. In Kenneth Macgowan's book there was much about the mechanical, which before his tomorrow came had risen into a theatre of vision, with no machinery at all. Behind this theatre shone the figures of Appia, Reinhardt, Gordon Craig in décor; the Moscow Art Theatre in method; the German expressionists in dramatic form, with something of poetry too and the romantic.

Of these golden lads and girls Mr. Robert Edmond Jones had challenged our entire horizon with his designs for Macbeth, which was badly acted and in design unequal and too concessive, but tense with creative force, and whether good or bad, penetratingly modern and sure to dilate the scope of the play's vitality and meaning. He had too the magnificent baroque irony of his Birthday of the Infanta. Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes had to his credit the Dante Model, that vast bowl with its plinths rising, its ascending and descending lines, capable of infinite tender and majestic variations, the most impressive single idea in the modern theatre anywhere. Mr. Eugene O'Neill was the author of Anna Christie, The Emperor Jones and The Hairy Ape. Mr. Sidney Howard and Mr. John Howard Lawson were coming forward with plays. There were Miss Eva le Gallienne, Miss Clare Eames, Miss Katherine Cornell, Mr. Dudley Digges, Mr. Roland Young, Mr. Glenn Hunter, Miss Winifred Lenihan, Miss Mary Blair for players that promised well. Mr. Arthur Hopkins behind the Macbeth made us boastful of his reach.

Then we were taking the Theatre Guild in high seriousness. They had given an evasive and undistinguished production to Andreyev's He Who Gets Slapped, but they had more than evened up with their productions of Shaw; and they were spreading their dream of a new theatre of their own, a permanent seat for drama. Plans were brewing for a group at the Provincetown.

Now our golden youth is passed.

The Guild Theatre has come true; it is neither startlingly good nor startlingly bad. Its design has many admirable theatrical and social points to it; its taste and decoration are something worse than second rate; and the opening production was three-fourths poor—even in the opinion of the mildest middle level of theatregoers Cæsar and Cleopatra was not an artistic success. But that does not mean that the Guild has reached the end of its rope, is dead fruit—not at all. We shall see what we shall see.

The Provincetown Group came to birth at the Playhouse, took over the Greenwich Village Theatre, and now drops the smaller place. It has tried a repertory company and has largely let that pass. It has on its record some fair productions, some beautiful designing, some hits with the town, Fashion for example. The success of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's Desire Under the Elms is manifest. Desire Under the Elms has not the inevitable sting of the first act—whatever we may say of the others—of Anna Christie, nor the complete theatrical effectiveness of The Emperor Jones nor the astonishing fable outline of The Hairy Ape; but it is better written throughout than any one of these and more profound. Whether we shall call Eugene O'Neill a great dramatist, using the word closely, time will show.

In this enterprise Mr. Robert Edmond Jones has figured with distinction as a designer, and worked as a director on varying levels, not without excellence at times but certainly never at the summit. This year will see him directing again and he will have productions uptown once more, for one thing at the Metropolitan Opera House with a ballet of John Alden Carpenter's that may open new splendors for him. Mr. Norman-Bel Geddes, after a gigantic fling with The Miracle, hugely inventive but often without any ultimate spirit or inspiration, has come back into his own deeper range with the production of Miss Mercedes d'Acosta's Joan of Arc in Paris, and now moves toward elaborate producing of his own. As for Mr. Hopkins, growing rich from the triumphs of What Price Glory, we must wait to see what of his old high venturing in production he will return to.

Mr. Lawson's Processional, not all good, by no means complete, often still raw-minded and tasteless, has carried what was in his Roger Bloomer nearer to a consummate statement, the poignant brutality and lyricism, the jazzed poetic insight, the quivering sense of life. Mr. Howard's play has the Pulitzer Prize and two fine acts.

Of the players Miss Katherine Cornell has come on fastest. She has run a gamut of good parts, in Casanova, where she had the right bisque and fineness for the play's Eighteenth Century; in Will Shakespeare, where her Mary Fitton, rather foolishly created by the dramatist, was only so so; in her Candida, where if she was not wholly Shaw's heroine, she was intense and unforgettable. She has grown most in compression of mood and firmness of outline. Miss Clare Eames thus far is best in character acting; her Prossy was a masterpiece. But she has essayed Lady Macbeth and a variety of rôles that exercise her qualities, and if she can master a technique that will express her fully, her end may be superb. Miss Lenihan had good moments in Lenormand's The Failures and in Shaw's Joan. She has confirmed her possession of a special emotional force and at the same time of discouraging technical limitations and a dry visual line. Mr. Hunter drifts from the bright hopes of his talent; Mr. Roland Young has been steered from within and without perhaps into social comedy and burlesque, though he has poetry in him. Miss Eva le Gallienne gives the sense of having grown in consecration; she lacks still the right variety and flexibility, but she is more and more capable of a real exaltation that may carry her far. And so it goes with our players, their talents wandering along diverse seas and ways, like Catullus's sweet company of friends, diverse maria et viæ, that may or may not bring them home to themselves again.

What will happen to these personages and these dreams and theories there is no way of saying. How many of them will have something to express, some rich content of living, and discover the means to express it; how many will remain something in themselves but not artists who can create separable and immortal bodies in art; how many will learn a certain craft but end with nothing really to say; how many will sell out, to publicity, prosperity, indolence, popular imitation or the devil, who knows? After all something of their vitality and form will derive from the life about them. And when they talk of America these days

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most people who have any brains are neither hopeful nor pessimistic. Perhaps we shall be rattled and hardened and cheapened into the low-rate, into noise, size and vacuity. Perhaps we shall have a country with its own depths, its own mythology, its own creative range. Perhaps no, perhaps yes. We may know soon or not for a long time yet.

For this generation in our theatre, whose golden youth is past, this season coming in and the next few seasons will be hard daylight. Reinhardt, Gordon Craig, the German dramatic methods, The Moscow Art Theatre, have been at least perceived and have been put in their place; theories die down; enthusiasm tightens its belt; causes lose their sting and go to work or fade; we move on a plane of mature accomplishment. It is not a matter of promise but of fulfillment; the glamor waits on proof.

STARK YOUNG.

The New Chaplin Comedy

THE most important element in American moving-picture humor is what is known technically as the "gag." A gag is a kind of comic trick, the equivalent in moving-picture action of the spoken gag of the stage. When Buster Keaton on a run-away motor-cycle knocks the ladder out from under a house-painter and goes off with the bucket of paint on his head or when Harold Lloyd, who has been making his escape on a clothes-line strung between two houses, the clothes-line having been cut by an enemy, swings exactly into a room on one of the lower floors in which an assemblage of spiritualists are awaiting a materialization, he is exploiting a gag; as Douglas Fairbanks is doing equally in one of his allegedly romantic pictures, such as the recent Don Q, in which he lassoes the spouting pipe of a fountain with the end of his whip and bends it down so that it spirts in the face of an old lady who is sitting asleep beside it. The gag is the basis of all these films; and the manufacture of gags has now become one of the most important occupations of the movies. At Hollywood, the gag-writers of the comic stars are among the most influential and most envied members of the community; for, without them, the stars would be nothing. One has seen brief flashes on the part of Buster Keaton of what seemed to be rather a high order of pantomime; but it may be said in general that the Keatons, the Fairbankses and the Lloyds do not need to be actors any more than Baby Peggy, Rin-Tin-Tin, Strongheart or Silver King. Their public do not want to see them act: they are content merely to have them astonish, as the heroes of difficult feats or the victims of unexpected tricks.

The one comedian who has succeeded in doing anything really distinguished with this comedy of gags is, of course, Charlie Chaplin. In the first place, he is, I believe, the only comic star in the movies who does not employ a gag-writer: he invents everything for himself; so that, instead of the somewhat mechanical character of the humor of even the best of his competitors, most of whose gags could be interchanged among them without anyone's knowing the difference, Chaplin's jokes have an unmistakable quality of personal fancy. Furthermore, he has made a practice of taking his gags as points of departure for genuine comic situations. Thus in his latest picture, The Gold Rush, he has a cabin which is blown to the edge of a cliff while the occupants are asleep. This in itself is only a gag like another: for any other comedian of the screen it would have been enough to startle the audience by showing them the shack rocking on the dangerous brink and then, by acrobatics and trick photography, following it up with other visions equally startling. But Chaplin, given his gag, which will amuse everybody in the fashion of Harold Lloyd's clothes-line, proceeds to delight, to transport his audience in a way of which Harold Lloyd would be incapable, by developing it with steady logic and vivid imagination. Charlie and his companion wake up: the panes are frosted; they do not realize what has happened; Charlie sets out to get breakfast but whenever he moves to the side of the room where his companion is—the side hanging over the abyss—the house begins to tip. He puts it down, however, to dizziness—he has been drunk the night before—and goes determinedly about his business. But when his companion—the gigantic Mack Swain—gets up, the phenomenon is aggravated: "Do you have an illusion that the floor is tipping?—Ah, you notice it, too, do you?" They jump on it to see if it is standing solid; but as Charlie jumps on the projecting side while Swain is holding it down on the other, it does not at first appear what is wrong and it is some time before the fatal combination—both men on the projecting side—almost sends them over the cliff. They rush back to the safe half of the room and Charlie goes to the door—which is frozen shut—to see what is outside: after a struggle, it suddenly flies open and he falls out into space, only catching himself by the sill. His companion rushes down to save him but by the time he has pulled him in, their double weight has set the cabin sliding: it is anchored only by a rope which has caught to something on the ground. Charlie and his companion, abject on their bellies, try to crawl up the terrible floor, now at an angle of sixty degrees: at first, Charlie manages to remain sensible and calm, though his companion's eyes are popping: "Just go easy! A little at a time." But no matter how little they attempt, every movement makes the cabin slip. And so on, through a long and fascinating passage of pantomime.

Conversely, however, Chaplin uses gags to help him through the deliberately ironic or pathetic situations which have become more frequent in his comedies. The Gold Rush has some of his most ambitious—and most successful—scenes of this sort, but he seems to be afraid of losing touch with his popular audience by venturing upon these scenes without the precaution of breaking them up with gags. Thus the love story in The Gold Rush is on the whole treated seriously but is occasionally enlivened by such low comedy incidents as that in which Charlie accidentally saturates his bandaged foot with kerosene and then has it set on fire by one of the ladies' dropping a match. And it happens sometimes as here and in parts of his previous film, The Pilgrim, that the straight situations and the gags rather jar together. Chaplin has never yet dared desert his old public—the public that first saw him in Mack Sennett, the public that still go to him for the same sort of entertainment that they find in Fox and Christie comedies. But it would appear that as Chaplin has gained in reputation with the critics and the sophisticated public, he has not advanced proportionately, nor even, I believe, held his own, in the esteem of his original popular audience. The people at large do not now distinguish any difference between his rivals and imitators, on the one hand, and Chaplin, on the other. In fact, they seem to be coming to prefer the former. For Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton have, in a sense, carried gagging far beyond Chaplin. Their films have all the modern American smartness and speed and all the modern

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mechanical devices. With their motor-cars, their motor-cycles, their motor-boats, their aeroplanes, their railroad trains, their vertiginous scaling of skyscrapers and their cataclysmic collisions, they have progressed a long way beyond Chaplin, who, though he avowedly works in the same field and appeals to the same public, has made no attempt to keep up with them, but continues with the cheap trappings and the simple tricks of the old-fashioned custard-pie comedy. But Chaplin is even older-fashioned than the old-fashioned movies; he is as old-fashioned as Karno's Early Birds, as the British music hall in which he first appeared and which was at least a school of actors, not of athletes. As the comedy of the movies has come more and more to depend on machinery and stunts, Charlie Chaplin has remained incorrigibly a pantomimist.

What turn his career will take in the future is, therefore, still a curious problem. He is himself, I believe, acutely conscious of the anomaly of his position. In the moving-pictures, he seems hardly likely to play an important part in the artistic development of the future. His gift is primarily the actor's, not the artist's or director's. All the photographic and plastic side of the movies, which is at present making such remarkable advances, seems not to interest Chaplin. His pictures are still nearly as raw in this respect as Tilly's Punctured Romance or any other primitive comedy, and it is only when the subject is already a sordid one —as in Pay Day, with its crowded city street-cars going home after work and its grimy suffocating city flat—that the mise en scène has any artistic value of its own. This was particularly evident in A Woman of Paris, which did not have the advantage of Chaplin as the chief actor: here, for all the intelligence he brought to directing it, Chaplin was willing to allow what was intended for an attractive, for a serious picture, to go out clothed in all the hideous flat light and the putty make-up of the comic studios. On the other hand, he seems peculiarly jealous of his independence and would, I should say, be extremely unlikely to allow himself to be directed or produced by anybody else. If he is not now carrying his old public along with him, he will unquestionably in time have to give it up, but whether he will then simply retire from the screen or try something altogether different, it seems impossible to predict. In the meantime, it may be that his present series of pictures—The Kid, The Pilgrim and The Gold Rush—with their gags and their overtones of tragedy, their adventures half absurd, half realistic, their mythical hero, now a figure of poetry, now a type out of the funny papers, represent the height of his achievement. He could scarcely do better in any field than in the best moments of these creations. The opening of The Gold Rush is such a moment. Charlie appears as a lone adventurer trailing belatedly after a long line of prospectors among the frozen hills: he twirls his cane a little to keep his spirits up. As he makes his way along a narrow mountain pass, a bear comes out and follows him. Any ordinary movie comedian, given the opportunity of using a bear, would, of course, have had it chasing him about the countryside for as long as he could invent gags for it. But Charlie does not know that the bear is following him: he keeps on, twirling his cane. Presently the bear withdraws into a crevice and only then does Charlie think he hears something: he turns around, but there is nothing here. And he sets off again, still innocent of fear, into the disasters that await him.

EDMUND WILSON.

Commission Basis

IT was while I was traveling for the Protectophone people that I had this dream. It was between Wheeling and Akron that I had it, and I was occupying upper eight in car forty-four. The name of the car was Valhalla. It's a name I'll never forget. The dream I had was like this.

But before I start telling you I ought to explain something about this Protectophone. It's a device, or an instrument, which is attached to a regular phone and in that position prevents other people from hearing what you are saying and prevents you from hearing yourself talk, if such be the case. It also has a tendency to eliminate wrong numbers and other misunderstandings. You just attach it and then I swear nobody'd catch on. I'd show you right now—I have a couple with me—only there's no phone on this train as I see it. Anyway, I was trying to sell these devices, covering the Ohio territory. Some job. On a straight commission basis, some job. If I made twenty-five a week I was lucky. You'd think these things would sell, but they didn't. I'd get into a man's office somehow, and induce him to let me fit one over his phone. Maybe he would, and then I'd speak into the old Protecto and say "God damn this fool machine" or something like that because I was sore and wasn't clearing twenty-five a week. Then I'd ask him if he could hear, and usually they never could, only once, it was a publisher, he heard me and laughed right out and took it all right and gave me a free subscription to his magazine, a farm weekly it was. I want to tell you it was tough going what with cheap hotels and hash joints to pad out the old expense account and all. And then, right in that Valhalla sleeper out of Akron, Ohio, I had this dream.

I dreamt that I was on the road as usual, and hit a big town. I can't remember the name or what it was like. I never dreamt like this before. Mostly I dream I'm fired or just lose my wallet. But this time I went into an office and I showed my card. There was the politest office boy I've ever seen. Six feet tall or more, and with sort of golfing pants on. "Come right in, come right in," he says, "we've been expecting you right along." "That's no card" he says, taking my card, "that's no card for a man like you." And then I realized what he'd done for me, because suddenly I was wearing my card, head to foot, like one of those sandwich men, and I could sort of see myself, standing there like in a white robe, and I read "The Greater Protectophone Company of the World and Cosmos, Inc., Representative-at-Large: Admiral Sylvester Schumm, D.D.D." My real name's Joe. And I never did find out what those letters stood for. Anyhow, next thing I knew I was in the big chief's private office, and he was shaking me by the hand. All the time we talked he kept shaking my hand and calling me Joe. "You don't have to sell me," he'd say, "I know your good work." Then he called in three of the prettiest girls you ever saw. "Miss Paula," he said, "take a general letter and private orders. To all employes and directors and stockholders of this great company, notice, that from now on the Protectophone is standard on all equipment and to be purchased and paid for accordingly with particular reference to long-distance calls." Then he gave me a letter, which was from my own company, enclosing a check for several thousand dollars. I tore it up, because it didn't seem enough, and the next minute the big chief had introduced me to three or four of the city's most prominent citizens and influential men. I presented each one with a sample Protectophone and the instruction leaflet. They all adjusted them onto each other and entered into the most

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business-like negotiations across a big table and none of them could hear a word and they declared themselves fully satisfied and signed up individually and collectively for an order of ten carload lots, which they paid for in cash. I went on to explain the six-months-guarantee-or-your-money-back clause and they all shook my hand and made me repeat it all over again. I remember we had some discussion at luncheon over how hot it gets inside when you've been talking into one a long time but we decided by a unanimous vote to install electric fans in each one so that passed off smoothly. The luncheon too was a bridal affair for me or one of those present and the groom wanted a gold Protecto for his bride to wear at the ceremony and I had one made all gold inside and out and I saw it coming down the aisle all alone with a bridal veil tacked on behind while the band played. After that we went to one of the biggest factory plants in the place and I asked the superintendent how fast he could make the plant over to turn out double-size Protectophones which was necessary on account of a big order from Cincinnati and he began to turn them out right away and then took me back to his own residence, where I met the Chief of Police who signed up for another dozen and a half. By that time people were beginning to wear them right out in the street and I was continuously being stopped and asked if I had one or two to spare. I forgot to say that all the while this was going on I had my own mail order house doing a rush business with four hundred salesmen out on the road and at the noon hour the factory hands would take out their lunch boxes which were made just like Protectophones and adjust them on and sing "It's a nation-wide campaign! It's a nation-wide campaign!" till I told them to go home, and I visited all their homes too, and there wasn't one that wasn't properly equipped with a Protectophone in constant use. As the territory had to be sold 100 percent I climbed in through a transom to sell a hard customer, a man people said in all his life had never been sold. The moment he had fitted one over the mouthpiece and begun to talk first his head went into it then his neck and finally all of him till he just disappeared. For this our general manager promoted me to be cashier of a bank where the safe was full of fifty dollar bills. Isn't that like a dream?

I remember I stayed there ten years, and all that time our sales doubled every day. I'd simply go about with one of them over my face and presidents and purchasing agents right and left would say "Not another word! Put me down for a gross." There was a banquet when I got up to speak and thank the boys and the vice-president and everybody for all their consideration but as I still had a Protecto over my face I couldn't say anything. I tried for hours, like you do in a dream. I tried to yell and yell and get something over to them, but nothing doing. When I was through speaking they all came crowding around and said "We'll just about make you Mayor for this."

Then I woke up.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The New Religion

SIR: I have never in my life read anything sillier than Chase on advertising.

He speaks of wealth as constant—"There are just so many dollars to be spent."

How come?

Wealth is produced. Why? What incentive have we that urges us to produce wealth?

In this country, advertising—and advertising alone.

Not because the States are naturally richer or more productive than Africa or India or China—but because the urge here is greater.

You want to drive a Cadillac and so do I. You want to ride in Pullmans, eat soft shell crabs, wear snappy clothes.

Take away advertising and you, clever as you are, would soon sink to the level of that heathen who, all along of dirtiness and filth, was held up as a horrible example to the British soldier by Rudyard Kipling.

Indeed, I am not far wrong in saying that advertising is the greatest force for good in America today—more subtle and persuasive than the church, the theatre or the newer liberal magazines.

CHAS. C. BALDWIN.

Baltimore, Md.

Just a Bit of Ivy

SIR: Your editorial on University "Drives" in the August 12 issue of the New Republic reminds me of an old diabetic, who, surfeited with all good things to the point of self-extermination, denies the necessities and a few luxuries of life to the members of his household. They have carefully weighed the matter of diathetics versus dietetics and still he wonders if they know what they are about because they put a little bouquet in the centre of the dinner table.

How can you consistently be "whole-heartedly in favor of making teaching and research comfortable enough to be a possible career for gifted and idealistic persons who are still human beings," and be content to send them, as often happens, to glaring brick barracks, on a treeless campus, covered with more or less tender weed stubbles?

You would discourage the alumnus or some friend in donating an English ivy to subdue the glaze and harshness of the walls and dull the sharpness of their angles?

A bit of soft grass for a lawn, a few trees and some shrubbery may cost a couple of millions in the aggregate, but they are almost as vital as the outer walls themselves and the hideous interiors, because they help to humanize the university, which is quite as necessary, if you would have your "idealistic persons" remain "human beings."

The cost is not too great.—What alumna or alumnus would not gladly uproot a favorite shrub or the price of one at home and place it on the old campus? What friend would not gladly add another?

They have already done that much and more, and now with your valued opposition they hope for at least a poinsettia in the West, an ivy in the Midwest, and a fountain in the East.

HELENA M. ROE.

Chicago Heights, Ill.

The Waste in Beer

SIR: The articles by Mr. Stuart Chase on waste are brilliant. But he makes a statement that I challenge: that there is waste only in the use of alcohol of over 10 percent content.

The London Board of Liquor Control, 1916, made a survey to see what men got drunk on. They found that 40 percent of the men investigated were getting drunk on beer and stout. Stout runs about 8 percent alcohol.

Would Mr. Chase think that 40 percent of the drunkenness in London represented no waste?

E. TILTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Gambling with Miners' Lives

SIR: Had Mr. Shurick read my article Gambling with Miners' Lives with less passion, and had he really informed himself on the subject, he might not have made some of the rash statements in his letter published in your issue of July 29.

Mr. Shurick speaks of my "complacent cure-all for the dust-explosion evil" and adds that he "cannot but wonder if he proposes to load an additional burden of no one can say how many millions of dollars on the coal industry by requiring uniform rock-dusting and wetting laws in all of the coal fields. Would he, for example, require the same protective measures in his own state where there has never been an explosion involving a hundred or more lives?"

If Mr. Shurick had not got himself so "het up" he would have seen that I said "dangerous mines." Even a novice knows that such measures are unnecessary in a mine where the gas exhalation is negligible and the roof and bottom of such character that they will crumble and mix with the coal dust, making a non-explosive mixture. Then, too, some coals are more explosive than others; but to lump together large coal areas as Mr. Shurick does when he speaks of "lean Middle Western coals" is to betray a superficial study of the question. The counties of Franklin and Williamson in southern Illinois annually produce about 22,000,000 tons of coal, about 30 percent of the Illinois output, and the mines there are recognized by all mining men as rating high in explosion hazards. While it is true that no one explosion in that field has *yet* killed as many as 100 men, it would not surprise informed mining men if one of the biggest disasters in mining history should occur there. The degree of hazard is not measured by the number of men killed but by the number of explosions. The number killed is determined by the number of men in the path of the explosion. . . .

In recent months the Coal Age (an operators' publication) has had much to say both editorially and in special articles about stone dusting, and I would recommend that Mr. Shurick get the back numbers and go through them. A perusal of the Bureau of Mines Bulletin, Stone Dusting to Prevent Coal Dust Explosions as Practiced in Great Britain and France, might remove some of his prejudices and convince him that the cost of rock-dusting, per ton of coal hoisted, would be small indeed, to say nothing of the consequent reduction in the cost of liability insurance.

Mr. Shurick gives a table purporting to show a decrease in the number of explosions since 1916. He does this by defining a major explosion as one in which 100 or more lives are lost. The Bureau of Mines defines a major explosion as one in which five or more are killed. Of these the Bureau has listed 186 with a death list of 6,311 from 1900-1924 inclusive. Since 1916 the record is as follows:

Year	Number of Explosions	Year	Number of Explosions
1916	11	1920	6
1917	7	1921	3
1918	3	1922	13
1919	8	1923	10
	1924	10	

In the three years 1918-19-20, the death list from explosions, 41, 81, 47, respectively, made us all optimistic, but events since have made even the Bureau admit that the "comparative immunity from disasters during the three years just mentioned was partly due to good luck." Since the hazard is in the number of explosions and not in the number of deaths, the above table shows no improvement in the situation. Explosions accounted for 536 deaths in 1924.

But Mr. Shurick has evaded the major theme of my article, that the death rate in the coal mines of the United States for the past thirty-six years has been with but slight variation one death for each quarter million tons of coal mined. Explosions are responsible for only a small part of the total, hovering around 15 percent in normal years. The entire elimination of explosions would still leave a large annual death toll in the coal industry. What is Mr. Shurick's remedy?

Mr. Shurick . . . takes exception to my statement that Europe has sent this country large numbers of experienced miners. In my mining experience I have worked with and alongside Russians, Finns, Poles, Czechs, Slovenes, Dalmatians, Italians, Frenchmen, Belgians and Britishers. I remember all of them as good coal diggers. . . .

Mr. Shurick says if I will "read back in some of the ancient works of that day," I will see "that the invention of the safety lamp was the only thing that made it possible to continue mining at greater depth." True, but as Andrew Roy, one time Chief Inspector of Mines in Ohio, writes in his book, The Coal Mines, "The safety lamp has in many cases been taken for license to neglect ventilation, the best safeguard of all." Later the same author in his History of the Coal Mines of the United States says in reference to the invention and early use of the Davy lamp in Great Britain, "Although much had been expected from the invention of the safety lamp, explosions continued with more alarming results than before." J. L. and Barbara Hammond in The Town Laborer say,

> Unfortunately even the alleviations of science were turned to the miners' disadvantage. The Davy lamp for which the inventor refused to take out a patent, renouncing an income of five or ten thousand pounds a year, his sole object to serve the cause of humanity, was used in many instances to serve the cause of profits. Deeper and more dangerous seams were worked and accidents actually increased in number.

Not only has the small candle power of the safety lamp tricked many miners into hidden dangers, but it has been the cause of that terrible affliction, nystagmus, to many thousands more. The safety lamp has proved a fine invention for the mining industry but it has too often been turned from a life-saving instrument into a profit-making tool.

Mr. Shurick considers "record hoists" engineering feats of which to boast but I cannot believe that a real engineer is proud of an achievement which disregards the safety of life and limb. . . .

EDWARD A. WIECK.

Belleville, Illinois.

The Future of Behaviorism

SIR: Does not C. E. Ayres in his remarkably extensive appreciation of behaviorism—Watson Explains Watson, July 8—yield to the common temptation of closing with reservations for the mere sake of reservations? For the mere sake, possibly, of keeping his head still above the current, of resisting and not surrendering completely in true Adlerian protest against submersion? Why not come all the way, Mr. Ayres?

For Watson must not be expected to develop at a sweep an educational psychology, a social psychology, a psychology of religion and what not, as suggested by Mr. Ayres's desire to learn principles of education for the human race. As characterized, this (Watson's) is the presentation of a theory of "all-molding" precisely because it is what we shall want to place on school curricula as general psychology. The volumes in applied psychology are still to be written; and they shall not be late in following the impetus given in that direction by Watson's clarification of mechanisms involved.

With respect to the more legitimate inquiry as to whether Watson neglects to deal with the general question of "what the molding is that actually occurs, and by what circumstances its pattern is determined," there must be no evasion such as Ayres is guilty of. Biochemistry may yet be expected to supply downright fundamental description of living protoplasm and of its various forms. But given its human form to study in the meantime, we do learn valuable essentials of the molding process through just such descriptions of habit formation and integrating mechanisms as are featured by the behaviorist.

By admission of the critic, striking results have been the negative findings pertaining to the things which we supposed to be somewhat natural to man. Are not these findings striking because they help us to understand what is natural to man? Revelation by elimination may not be most impressive, yet it is a mode of procedure which must not be utterly disparaged or be left unrecognized in concluding reservations. There seems to be little point to the reservations.

I venture to predict that this "Alas! we are not told" will be answered in terms quite positive and convincing as soon as the maturing vocabulary of the applied psychologist catches up with his accustomed zeal. As soon as more of us have grown responsive to the pictures of unnecessary fear and rage attachments, of excess sex excitement, of biased lingual response, imposed upon the race by an environment easily enough manipulated, there will grow out of Watson's theory practical applications in plenty.

RAYMOND O. FILTER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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How the War Came

The Case for the Central Powers, by Count Max Montgelas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 255 pages. $3.50.
The Roots and Causes of the War, by John S. Ewart. Two vols. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1204 pages. $12.50.

SINCE 1914, millions of dollars have been spent, and thousands of volumes have been written, to make people believe, not that which is historically true, but that which will inflame their passions in a "righteous" cause. Assertions of the nobility and purity of one's own motives for entering the World War, and condemnation of the enemy's villainy, have been the "patriotic" order of the day. As M. Ollivier said of the war of 1870, "notre devoir est de la rendre populaire." Fortunately, in the last few years, a reaction against this unholy distortion of history has begun to set in. A few writers, nauseated by the mire of propaganda and blind war hatred, have been trying to weigh the increasingly available evidence and get a closer approximation of the truth.

Count Montgelas and Mr. Ewart represent very different types of mind, training, and past affiliations. Both rightly distinguish between the underlying and the immediate causes of the War. But while Count Montgelas goes back only to 1907 and gives but a third of his volume to the underlying causes, Mr. Ewart starts with 1870 and devotes six-sevenths of his attention to the "roots" of the War between 1870 and 1914. They approach the question of responsibility from a somewhat different point of view. Yet it is noteworthy that they arrive independently at much the same conclusions. They both hold the Entente powers much more responsible, and Germany much less to blame, than has usually been believed.

Count Montgelas commanded a Bavarian infantry division in the early months of the War, and later coöperated with Karl Kautsky in the publication of the invaluable documents which first revealed in great detail all that went on in the German Foreign Office in July, 1914. His grasp of both military and diplomatic affairs of the pre-War period is so extraordinary that in 1923 he sat down and dictated, virtually without notes, in the course of a few weeks, his Leitfaden zur Kriegsschuldfrage—a book generally acknowledged by competent scholars as perhaps the ablest, clearest, and fairest volume on war responsibility which has been written in Germany. To have entitled the translation, The Case for Germany, is misleading. Though it omits some matters prejudicial to Germany, and scores the Allied powers (as they deserve), it is no such case of special pleading as the English title implies. Count Montgelas is quite ready to admit many of his country's short-comings—the construction of a German battle fleet, the carte-blanche to Austria, the rejection of one of Grey's conference proposals. But he also shows convincingly that Germany did not want a European war; that when it became imminent she tried hard to avert it; that her efforts were rendered futile by Russia's hasty general mobilization; and that France did nothing to restrain Russia.

Mr. Ewart is an eminent Canadian jurist. His interesting Roots and Causes of the War, two solid volumes of close print, is the most considerable and, in many ways, the best book on the subject which has appeared in English. We commend it particularly to all those who rushed into such facile explanations of the War from mere patriotic or other unscholarly motives. Henceforth no one should pretend to deliver himself of an opinion on this thorny topic without having carefully examined his arguments. Mr. Ewart sticks closely to his sources, and quotes from them very copiously and accurately. Like an acute lawyer before a jury, he marshals his evidence clearly, singles out important points convincingly, and sums up his conclusions crisply. He has a jolly time setting up straw men, in the shape of current misstatements, only to knock them down as unfounded, self-contradictory, or inherently ridiculous.

Mr. Ewart's plan of treatment is novel. He regards the World War as, "in reality, a number of wars." They were fought by powers whom he classifies as "Principals" (Austria-Hungary and Serbia), "Accessories" (Russia, France, England, and Germany), and "Associates" (Belgium, Japan, Turkey, Italy, Bulgaria, Rumania, the United States, and Greece). The other belligerents he does not consider. This classification has the great advantage of making clearer the objectives of each of the participants. Four of the Associates "commenced hostilities for the purpose of acquiring territory belonging to some other nation. Each took advantage of the war-engrossment of the Accessories to further its own imperialist propensities—to achieve its 'legitimate aspirations.'" He ruthlessly disposes of the self-righteous and alleged altruistic reasons which each nation has been prone to assert as its motives for entering the War. He shows that in most cases the motives were really the baldest self-interest.

In the case of England, for instance, Mr. Ewart believes that neither the merits of the quarrel between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, nor the protection of "small nationalities," were factors in the British determination to enter the War. "There was no treaty obligation to defend Belgian neutrality." An "obligation of honor" to assist France existed, "but it was evaded and, in effect, repudiated," because Sir Edward Grey refused until almost the end of the crisis to promise definitely British military aid to France, although, as he himself admitted in his speech of August 3, "France was entitled to know." In short, says Mr. Ewart, "British self-interest was the reason for the form of the Belgian treaty in 1839; for the *entente* relations with France and Russia; for support of these powers in various crises; for military and naval conventions with France . . . and for entering upon the war." These conclusions are essentially correct. They are confirmed by Viscount Grey's own memoirs in the Westminster Gazette of May, 1925, in which he twice makes the admission that he felt so strongly the obligation of England to enter the War, that he would have resigned had he failed in his efforts to swing over the Cabinet and Parliament to his views.

Mr. Ewart's relatively brief account of the immediate causes of the War is less satisfactory. "These precipitating causes, of infinitely less importance than the roots which produced the situation," he treats under two headings: the quarrel between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, and the interruption by Russia of the mediatory negotiations aiming at the preservation of peace between the great powers. He is unaware of Stanojevich's pamphlet of 1923, which showed that the assassins of the Archduke were assisted by no less a person than Colonel Dimitrejevich, a leader of the secret "Black Hand" and also the Chief of the Intelligence Section of the Serbian General Staff in 1914. Both Mr. Ewart and Count Montgelas would have been more severe on Serbia had they known of the recent revelations of Ljuba Jovanovich, Minister of Education in the Pachich

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Cabinet of 1914. Last summer, without quite realizing the importance of what he was doing, Jovanovich let the cat out of the bag. In a volume to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the War, he admitted that the whole Serbian Cabinet was aware for weeks of a plot to assassinate Franz Ferdinand at Serajevo, but did nothing effective either to stop the assassins or to warn the victim of his danger.

Mr. Ewart also skips too lightly over some of Germany's acts of stupidity which contributed fatally to destroy her neighbors' confidence in the sincerity of her genuine eleventh-hour efforts to avert a world conflagration. Much of his discussion of the Russian mobilization is futile because he does not know the facts. (Thus, he says on page 1143, and repeats it in substance in at least twenty-one other passages, "Of the all important fact, that mobilization against Germany commenced on the 29th, although not avowed until the morning of the 31st, there is no room for doubt." There is room for more than doubt. There is certainty that this statement is absolutely incorrect. Some secret preparatory military measures against Germany were ordered on July 26, but general mobilization against Germany was not ordered until the night of July 30-31st. "Mobilization against Germany" certainly did not "commence on the 29th.") Mr. Ewart has fallen into this old error through his reliance on the lies told at the Sukhomlinov trial in 1917 and on Oman's antiquated account, instead of following authoritative sources like the Russian mobilization telegrams published by Hoeniger and Frantz, Dobrorolski's memoirs, and Baron Shilling's invaluable Foreign Office Journal. However, on the main point, that Russia's hasty general mobilization cut short the mediatory efforts of England and Germany for peace, and thus made a European war inevitable, Mr. Ewart is wholly correct.

In conclusion, two general criticisms of The Roots and Causes of the War may be noted. The author does not always distinguish between the relative value of his authorities, and often omits to call attention to material which would weaken his argument and which opposing counsel would be quick to pounce upon. (This is especially true in his chapter on the Franco-Prussian War, for which he holds France responsible.) And, in the second place, he is apparently unacquainted with such German, Italian, and Russian sources (of which there are many) as have not been translated into English or French. Yet it is a remarkable tribute to his perspicacity and acute analysis of the material at his disposal that he so often comes to correct conclusions.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

The Flowers of Progress

The Super-City, by Robert Russ Kern. Washington, D. C.: Privately Printed. 349 pages. $2.

MR. KERN is Professor of Sociology and Economics at George Washington University, and he has written a book upon community planning which is almost devoid of reference to the vast literature and the large experimental practice in community planning that has grown up during the past generation. I therefore find myself a little at loss whether to treat his project as a Utopia or as a contribution to the more recent and tangible art of community planning. The Super-City is, in fact, a mixture of these two strains, and I must try to separate them and show what they are worth.

As a Utopia Professor Kern's book is in the nineteenth century tradition of Buckingham, Hertzka, and Bellamy: but whereas Hertzka and Bellamy saw that they could not achieve their designs without a pretty wholesale reconsideration of the present use of land and capital, Professor Kern follows Buckingham in projecting a "Model City" which shall be based upon the perfection of our present arrangements, rather than upon their drastic alteration. Professor Kern provides for revolutionary changes in detail, as in the centralized system of credit-accountancy; but he demands no corresponding reorganization of the social basis. His superficial plan is for a new city, but the plan presupposes a new society. The project that the Super-City most resembles is Mr. Edgar Chambless's Roadtown.

Professor Kern looks out upon our overgrown, scrappily built, incompletely planned modern cities and he sees, quite justly, that they miss half the opportunities that modern technology puts at our command. In spite of all that our municipal engineers and city planners have done during the last thirty years, their best is abysses below what a reasonable best might be if we could start afresh, without the tangle of property rights, uses, and habits that now keep us from planning freely. So far good. Professor Kern, in common with the best Utopians, is a humane, intelligent, and infinitely reasonable man: he is no Babbitt with a plan for bigger and better Zenith. Unfortunately, he worships with Mr. Babbitt at the shrine of our mechanical deities, and the city he projects is merely an idealized version of the city that Mr. Babbitt speculates with, boosts, and perpetually undermines. "To change the habits, the personalities, or the human nature of the people in the city," says Professor Kern, "may be thought to be desirable. . . . But it would be no mean task. . . . The physical parts of the city, however, yield more rapidly to design, to plan."

Here is the vitiating error of Professor Kern's book; the error that condemns it to be a paper Utopia. He is lured into an attempt to remedy by "plans" something that can be remedied only by changing the animus behind the plans. For the fact is that the physical framework of our cities is the result of our institutions and ways of living; and it is only on paper that one can plan the elaborate cooperative enterprises Professor Kern describes without changing the aim and animus of the modern city. It is easy enough, no doubt, to heap up mechanical improvements; and Professor Kern is very fertile in suggesting a vast range of them, from the delivery of milk in cooled tanks from farm to kitchen, to the pipe line that conveys flour from mill to bakery-bin; but the notion that these improvements alone are sufficient to create a finer kind of city is Babbitt's own illusion. "The place where the great city stands" is not necessarily the place of the most numerous labor-saving devices. "Labor-saving" itself in our modern civilization is rapidly becoming an instrument for the archaic performance of leisure: it is one of the luxuries of an age which is anæsthetic to every joy that does not derive from the machine.

The kernel of Professor Kern's Super-City is a new kind of domicile; something that he calls the "resiance." Instead of the block's being the unit in which the dwelling is set, the row of dwellings becomes the unit of the block, and the domestic portions of the city consist of rows of apartment houses, each of which fronts and backs a parkway. If you conceive of all the apartments on the Bronx Concourse being connected, channeled by an internal basement-road that carries utilities and traffic, and roofed by a

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promenade and hothouse, you will have a dim equivalent of the resiance. Each group of eight or nine thousand people clusters about a "servisorium"; or what we should call more conventionally a community centre. Here are the common institutions of such a centre: the school, the library, the clubroom, and in addition highly organized community kitchens, as in Looking Backward. There is no very wide gap between this and reality; Palos Verdes in California is being developed along these lines, and the apartment-hotel performs the functions of a community kitchen, for those who can afford it—although even in some of the most expensive that New York boasts the culinary details are very shabby indeed. In the Super-City at large there are provisions for industrial quarters, for commerce, and for a farm-zone, engaged largely in direct production for the city. Here, as elsewhere, there is the same mixture of ingenious invention, plausible practicality, and the most arrant Utopian fantasy. I shall concentrate my criticism on the resiance; it is typical of the good and bad features in the rest of the city.

Mr. Kern describes at length all the fine appointments of his living quarters, from the soundproof construction, to the provisions for radio, telephones, and "servilocks." Most of these provisions are familiar in our great caravanseries; but unfortunately they have a common feature which will postpone their general adoption in the community; and that is, that these delightful mechanical contrivances all cost money, so that, with each new improvement, we automatically remove the whole scheme farther and farther from the income level of any representative part of our population. At present, the accessories like streets, pavements, water, light, and power-mains, and so forth, cost about 45 percent of the total cost of a house; and the more we are forced to spend on these accessories the smaller become our rooms, and the fewer and meaner are those that the ordinary family can afford to have. The true path of community planning is not to create an elaborate mechanical shell which will absorb what is left of our income and energies: the true path is to use every art and ingenuity in order to simplify the mechanical necessities, so that we will have a little capital left to spend on privacy, on gardens, on art, and on the various other things that justify and "realize" our improvements. The very auto and garage that enable the modern worker to escape from his jerrybuilt house and his suburban slum are among the elements that create the desire for escape, by pauperizing his immediate environment: if Professor Kern wants parks and gardens and playgrounds and theatres, if these things are really worth having, he will cut down his bill for mechanical expenditures. Low structures, narrow, light roads in the residence districts, self-service rather than automatic service—these are some of the lines of genuine advance.

In fact, as soon as common sense trims down Professor Kern's grandiose mechanical improvements, what is left is essentially the English conception of the garden city. Why does Professor Kern neglect the value of a working scheme? Letchworth and Welwyn are in existence and are jolly places to live in: the Super-City is only a plan, and with due respect to Professor Kern's standing as a professor of economics, and to his care in handling technical requirements, the plan is financially a very wild one, unless the city is to cater only to Park Avenue incomes. Professor Kern's Utopia, alas! is the same externalist dream of mechanical perfection that a great part of our population carries in the back of its mind; but I do not feel that it represents any essential advance over Buckingham and Bellamy. Before we can build our cities better we shall have to decide upon how radically we are willing to distribute income and to curtail land increments, and how ready we are to plan our communities for health, for play, for recreation, for education, for the delights of a civilized life. All that makes city life valuable enters now by accident, subservient to the present commercial régime. Once the human essentials have priority we shall not perhaps have to strain so heartily after mechanical solutions for what is essentially a social problem.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

A Catch of Fish

Week-end, by Charles Brackett. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.75.

IF Mr. Brackett's Week-end were crumbled up into its component words, and gently poured overboard, quite a few of the words and phrases would glimmer pleasantly as they sank down, and as they lay dimly on the bottom send up a shiny light possible to mistake for precious metal. But, arranged as they were meant to be read, threaded lightly on the even lighter string of a story, they seem to be not much more than clever phosphorus. As the quaintly wild, the wickedly literary characters chatter their smart way through a very indoor week-end, the shades of Aldous Huxley and even Michael Arlen may be seen moving away, no longer fearful for their laurels. Rather than watch the smart school increase and multiply, let's go back to peasants and dialect and anything dull, but solid.

Replenishing Jessica, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

MR. BODENHEIM'S Replenishing Jessica was not worth catching either. Apparently the authorities with a nice judgment in such matters think it dirty, and have suppressed, or are going to suppress it. Whether or not it is dirty, the fact of its extreme dullness seems more important. A "modern" girl, who paints pictures—one is inclined to doubt this—has innumerable heavy affairs with heavy, mutually indistinguishable puppets. The atmosphere is as imaginative and illuminated as a long-closed room, in which one breathes dust troubled by effort and stumbles over spiritual carpets rolled, tied and moth-balled. Not a character alive, not a single light touch, but a moderately sincere, heavily rubber-booted ploughing through unattractive material. If this is honest artistic effort, let's go back to the smart-school, where at least there is a tongue-in-the-cheek for a signpost.

Serena Blandish, or the Difficulty of Getting Married, by a Lady of Quality. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

SERENA BLANDISH is an example of the smart-naïf. Complete innocence on one side of the coin, extreme sophistication on the other, with the coin spinning so fast that the two are one. Written as if with a reminiscence of the Young Visiters in the back of the head, and with perhaps a faint recollection of the Happy Hypocrite, and with traces of other undetectable influences, all mingled by a talent for synthesis which marks the book as "unique" without, somehow, making it original. Everything, the de-

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tails, the names, the incidents, Serena's speeches, are a little too neat, too watchfully polished, too skilfully worked out, and lack that small touch of nonsense, of careless invention which might put the whole on fire. A happy idea which does not quite come off perhaps because it was done with too self-conscious a smile to be truly gay.

Seducers in Ecuador, by V. Sackville-West. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

SEDUCERS in Ecuador means less than Serena Blandish, and does not try to mean much of anything, but manages in the end to mean a good deal more. It is dedicated to Virginia Woolf, and has a little of her robust gaiety of language, her sense of character, and something like the bright fluid air in which her characters move. Reduced to its essentials, Seducers in Ecuador is happy-go-lucky nonsense, decorative entertainment, achieved with quick, uninsistent skill. A man goes to Egypt, likes the world as he sees it through colored spectacles, and thereafter chooses to see it through no other medium. A theme which could be rubbed in mercilessly, but Miss Sackville-West makes perhaps less of it than she could, so occupied is she with other handsome and pleasantly silly things by the way. A trifle, this thin little Seducers in Ecuador, but admitted so to be by its author, and therefore all the more charming in its dancing, irrelevant pace, its blue sky, its mad people, its light sure words.

Ashe of Rings, by Mary Butts. Paris: Contact Editions; The Three Mountains Press. $3.

FROM Seducers in Ecuador to Mary Butts's Ashe of Rings is the longest of jumps. From happy inconsequent expertness to a haunting fog, from clear pictures to something about as definite as the possibility of a horn sounding through the fog. Ashe of Rings is published in Paris, and its author one supposes to be one of those who would rather experiment there than on native soil. It is a most curious piece of work. On the surface, not quite sane, and certainly not clear, a book done from the inside of a writer's mind out, in widening ripples of which the one nearest its creator is probably full of meaning, and the one furthest from him, on paper and therefore nearest us, almost incomprehensible. One puts it down wondering what was the point of it, sure that it had none at all, and yet equally sure that one has come near to something unusual. People seen through double, triple screens of curious, arbitrary technique, not real as people, but bafflingly present and alive somewhere in the mind. One of those rare books which are decidedly not interesting to read, but rather unsettling afterwards. Is there perhaps an emotional language here to which we have not yet the key?

Day of Atonement, by Louis Golding. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

DAY OF ATONEMENT is a book to which not many people can find the complete key. Non-Jews will be baffled by a good deal of it, and probably only a Jew well versed in the religious life of his own people will appreciate its deepest qualities. Mr. Golding has taken the lives of two intensely orthodox Jews, a man and a woman, from the small village in darkest Russia to an English slum. The more salient angles of detail and circumstance have been pumiced away by a gentle dreamy poetry of vision which keeps the essential mood in spite of sacrificing the realistic. This mood is rigorously retained throughout, even in the English slum, where sordid incidents, faces, places might pierce the dream-like exaltation of his heroine and hero. But often the poetry is spun thin and action and mood alike dissolve into a soft mesh of words. Unresisting, wordy, over-dreamy perhaps at any given point, the final impression is a solid and a moving one.

Sixty-Four Ninety-Four, by R. B. Mottram. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50.

SIXTY-FOUR NINETY-FOUR is solid throughout. It would have been too much to expect a sequel up to The Spanish Farm, and this account of the story from the point of view of the English officer (The Spanish Farm was from that of the Flemish peasant girl), is rather disappointing. It covers much the same ground not so well. The character of Madeleine, upon which the first book rested—a fine character she was too, drawn with restraint and dignity and color—is not added to. Rather is she a little smaller for her reappearance. And Skene, the protagonist of Sixty-Four Ninety-Four, is of too slight a stature in comparison. He moves, one of those blind little units of war, among incomprehensible currents and cross currents, attacks, retreats, and we wade with him through a mass of detail which is not often very interesting. Yet when he is through with it, and we are through with him, there remains, perhaps in spite of Mr. Mottram's petty details, perhaps because of them, stony and unforgettable, that blank taste that the War left with those who for long were too close to it, too faithful to its intricate agonies, ever to see it or their world clearly over the top of a muddy trench.

The Story of a Novel, by Maxim Gorky. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50.

THE short stories of Gorky's which take their name from the first and most fantastic one in this volume are not up to his best by any means. The Story of a Novel is more of an experiment than an accomplishment. Most of the others, with the exception of A Sky-Blue World, are rather thin. But Gorky, in this catch, remains undoubtedly the big fish, even on the strength of this volume. A half dozen of his people put the creations, fanciful or real, clever or conscientious, of all these others in the shade. How does he do it? one asks, when one cannot find elsewhere a single character who sticks to the ribs of memory as do the persons of A Sky-Blue World. There is no answer. So put it down to imagination, or the Russian knack for character, or the difference of any one Russian from another, or the richness of human soil in a country where, as Gorky himself has said, even the fools are extraordinary.

GEORGE SMEDLY.

Contributors

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